THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

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HIS LAST SPEECH.

Full Text of the Final Utterance of Charles Stewart Parnell on Irish Soil.

It Was Made at Creggs, Ireland, on Sunday Afternoon, Sept. 27, in the Presence of a Large Concourse.

He Alluded to His Bad State of Health and Told How Duty Brought Him There.

Messrs. O'Brien and Dillon Arraigned in the Matter of the Paris Fund.

The Whigs and Vernon Harcourt Scored --The Kilmainham Treaty Defended.

On Sunday, Sept. 27, Mr. Parnell accompanied by Mr. Luke Hayden, M.P., Mr. J. P Quinn, and a deputation, left Athlone by car for Creggs, a small village seven miles distant, situated on the border line of the county of Galway, where a public meeting was held. Before the meeting Mr. Parnell was presented with addresses of welcome at Kearn's Hotel from the Ballinakeglish Gaelic Athletic association, the Kilbegret and Ballinakil branch of the National League, the Oran and Dunamon branch, the Creggs Young Ireland branch of the Gaelic Athletic association, and from the Faerity branch of the National League.

The meeting was held in the main street, where a temporary platform had been erected.

On the motion of Mr. John Barlow, seconded by Mr. Michael Hurley, the chair was taken by Mr. James Kearns.

Mr. Luke Hayden, M. P., who was received with cheers, supported the resolution. After speaking of the large dimensions of the demonstration, notwithstanding that the district was a sparsely populated one, he pointed to what had been done for the Irish tenants by Mr. Parnell. He said that with all the experience of the past, and with all his keen insight of the future, Mr. Parnell asked them to trust him and an independent Irish party to win for them those rights for which they had been long struggling. They would have no dictation, no matter from whence it came (cheers). They knew their own rights, and they would maintain them. It was the people who made Mr. Parnell their leader, and the people reserved to themselves the right to depose him (cheers)

Mr. John Fitzgibbon, Castlerea, said Mr. Parnell taught the people the power of combination and of reliance, and by following his advice had they not killed landlordism in their country? By following his advice the Irish people had been able to bring the Irish question to the position it occupied today. They were told that they were going to get a splendid Home Rule bill, but who had they to thank for that (cries of Parnell). It took an O'Connell to carry Catholic emancipation and it would take a Parnell to carry Home Rule (cheers). It was only by self reliance and by taking an independent stand that Ireland could win independence. Surely they never could win it by cringing to Englishmen, and he was convinced that no more dangerous policy had ever been exhibited to the people of England than that of declaring to them that their friendship was necessary to carry on Home Rule. Whatever position they stood in today had been due to independence alone, and it was by independence that they would be able to achieve anything in the future (cheers).

PARNELL'S SPEECH.

Mr. Parnell, who was received with loud cheers, said: "Men of Roscommon and Galway, I am much gratified that my friend, Mr. John Fitzgibbon, of Castlerea, has preceded me in addressing this great and unprecedented meeting. They cannot claim that this meeting was got together by means of excursion trains (hear, hear). There are no railway lines anywhere within ten miles, and if the promoters of the meeting could have fixed upon a spot more difficult of access and more depopulated in the whole of the counties of much depopulated Mayo and Galway and Roscommon for the purpose of showing what the spirit of the men of Roscommon and Galway could do, I believe they would have done so, but they could not find a more inaccessible place. I have apologized to you for having come after Mr. Fitzgibbon, but the character, the tone, the gravemess of his speech needs no apology from me, and indeed physically I am not in good condition to address you today. Nothing but the desire not to disappoint all the true men that I see around me overcame the orders of my doctor that I was to go to bed last night when I arrived in Dublin (cheers). However, I do not think that any very material damage will come to me from this meeting. If I was to allow the suggestion of such a thought we should save our enemies

THROWING UP THEIR HATS

and announcing I was buried before I was dead (laughter), and although a man on the other side of forty cannot do the things he used to do in the days of his youth, still I intend to bury a good many of their men (cheers). I have to tell you that you must not take me today as what I always am. I hope when I come to see you again at the next general election that you will find a very considerable improvement physically (cheers). Now, the question of leadership has been touched upon in the addresses which have been presented to me. This question has been represented as a question of leadership, and after the great public meeting in the county of Dublin on Sunday last I was told that, having kept the question of leadership to the front up to then, that I had now abandoned the question. I have never kept the question of leadership up to the front, and I have never abandoned any question of leadership. I said in Dublin last Sunday, as I said in Limerick seven months before, that I would not lead these renegades again, and that I would not lead the gang again (cheers), and Mr. John Dillon, with that regard for truth and consistency which has distinguished him since he has became a follower of Sir W. Harcourt, says that in these expressions I resigned the leadership and called the Irish people a gang (cries of "No, no"). I am not aware, and I have seen in my time a good many leaders of the Irish people—I am not aware that I have ever claimed that leadership. Sixteen years ago I thought that a certain work could be done, and in these sixteen years I have done a good deal of that work (cheers). My desire in setting out was not to lead any people, but to put our people in the path to lead themselves, so that they would be able to choose their own leader, and when that day comes that a self governed Ireland is able to guard and cherish her own honor and her own destiny, then

I PROMISE THESE MEN

who today talk about facts and the will of the Irish nation, that I will poll throughout all Ireland man for man, and more than man for man of independent Irishmen, in protest against this doctrine which is now preached to us, that the strong arm of the Liberal party is supreme for the purpose of gaining freedom for Ireland (cheers). We are told in these days that the voice of the church is the voice of God, and that it therefore must be obeyed in politics. That was not the condition upon which I entered public life sixteen years ago. It never struck me at any time during these sixteen years that the Irish clergy were particularly skillful politicians (hear, hear) In coming to the West of Ireland I have often thought, when seeing the desolate rooftrees, and the vast extent of cleared land without a human habitation, that we were thirty years too late in the commencement of our struggle in 1879, that much of the power and strength which might have been conserved for the future Irish nation, if we had been able to commence the work of the Land League in 1849 instead of 1879, might have been here still (cheers). And what political forces, what constitutional forces had we in 1829 that were wanting to the men of 1849 --to the political guides and rulers of the country in 1849 --to men who had in 1849 all the national forces under their control and at their command, and who could return to the house of commons every single member that it was possible for the national forces to return? We commenced seven members strong. Recollect,

WE HAD NOT EIGHTY-SIX THEN.

We commenced seven members strong, though in 1852, when the treachery similar to that of the seceders of today broke up the Independent party of that day, they had a parliamentary strength of 49 or 50. I say that that parliamentary strength was badly handled. Nay, more, it was dishonestly handled (hear, hear). Now, I am afraid that I shall at this meeting have to go into some matters of detail. These men (the seceders) say that they are the same men that they were before Mr. Mr. Gladstone's letter was written, and that we are not the same men. We retort upon them in kind, and the judgment of the country will have to be given as to whether our contention or theirs is the true one. Mr. O'Brien (groans) told you the other day at Westport that it was not because he had determined to change my leadership that he he sent the cable to the Leinster Hall; but what we want to know is what he determined to do then? (Hear, hear). Says Mr. O'Brien: "It was not because I had not determined to change Mr. Parnell's leadership that I sent the cable to the Leinster Hall." Well, when a man with Mr. O'Brien's command of language has to use two negatives in order to express his views, he must be in a very bad state indeed (hear, hear). The only meaning logically, grammatically, or from the point of view of common sense that I can assign to that sentence of Mr. O'Brien's which he had when he sent that cable to the Leinster Hall meeting was that he was determined to change my leadership (cheers), and when Mr. O'Brien says that it was not because he had not determined to change my leadership that he sent the cable, then a mere schoolboy will tell him it was because he had determined to change it that he sent it (hear, hear) Well, then, if he did come to this determination why did he send the lying cable to the Leinster Hall? (Cheers.) Because if he did determine to change it then he did send a lying cable to the Leinster Hall (cheers). He telegraphs us that he telephoned the truth privately to Mr. Dillon, but it was not a private expression of his views then that I was entitled to, and the Irish people were entitled to, but it was a public expression of his views, and the man who told the truth in private and told the lie in public could have only done so because he thought the time had not come when he could jump upon me with impunity (hear, hear) This, forsooth, was their apprenticeship in the new art required from them by their Liberal allies (hear, hear). There is not a single word which I can say at this meeting which will not be misrepresented, misquoted, and twisted in order to enable them to get up an untruthful accusation (a Voice, 'The *National Press* will do that').

THEY CHARGE ME NOW

with having boasted that I did not communicate with a single member of my party, that I did not communicate my opinion to a single member of my party. I never made any such boast. My statement was distinct and precise. I said that I had not communicated with a single member of the party—that is, that I had not asked the support of a single member (hear, hear). I communicated not only to every member of the party but also to the whole world when I wrote the letter the day after the verdict, in my position as chairman of the party, calling the Irish members together in the usual way at the commencement of each session. That action of mine was an indication plain and clear to every member of the party that I intended to stick by my post, and the party indorsed that action at the Leinster Hall meeting (cheers), and subsequently when they unanimously elected me at the first meeting of the party at the opening of parliament (cheers). Now, Mr. Wm. O'Brien complains that what I call his original proposals at Boulogne were treachery to his Liberal allies. I say that they were treacherous to his Liberal allies, but also that they were treacherous to my self, and if Mr. O'Brien wishes to publish these proposals or any other proposal made on any other side he can do so tomorrow, and when he publishes them I shall prove that they were treacherous (cheers), even as treacherous as when in America he telephoned one thing privately to Mr. Dillon, and another thing publicly to

THE LEINSTER HALL MEETING

(cheers). Then he takes refuge behind poor Mr. Gill. He says, forsooth, that Mr. Gill wrote those proposals out hurriedly, just as I was leaving to catch the boat. That is not so. Those proposals were written out, according to my recollection, the night before I left Boulogne. They were certainly given to me early in the morning of the day upon which I left, and I did not leave until two o'clock. They were gone over after they had been written out carefully with Mr. Wm. O'Brien, Mr. Gill and others, and they were amended in writing (hear, hear), showing it was not a mere case with us, as O'Brien would have you believe, of jotting down at the last moment, "just as Parnell was leaving for the boat" a few rough heads of their proposals in so hurried a manner that they had no time to read them over or revise the words. When they are published they will be shown to be carefully constructed proposals, and not only so, but proposals amended carefully, amended after consultation with Mr. O'Brien and by his consent (cheers). Now, he gives his own version of how he came to ask me not to publish these proposals of his in full. He said he wanted me only to publish an analysis of them as they had been written so hastily by Mr. Gill. But on my second visit to Boulogne he had been so much ashamed of these proposals of his ever seeing the light that he had asked me to burn them (cheers). Well then, of course, I did not burn them If I had burnt them Mr. Wm. O'Brien would have been able to call me a liar like some of his other friends (groans). However, I have got these proposals, and Mr. Wm. O'Brien can publish them whenever he pleases (cheers). He charges me also—this virtuous gentleman—with a breach of confidence because I spoke of the general tenor and the character of his proposals. Now, if I was guilty of a breach of confidence in doing so, Mr. O'Brien was equally guilty of a breach of confidence six months before when he stated publicly in his manifesto that the difference of opinion between the Liberal leaders and myself was merely a verbal difference. (hear, hear). The great fundamental difference will be apparent when Mr. O'Brien publishes these proposals from himself, my counter proposals, the Liberal proposals in return, and my amendments to those Liberal proposals (cheers) It will then be seen that I was not fighting for my hand and for my own leadership, but that I was striving to secure, as well as I could in my hampered condition, some strength for Ireland to deal with her own future when the Liberals came into power (cheers). The bogey is raised for your imagination that, forsooth, Mr. Balfour is going to come into power at the next general election for another seven years. You have heard of flogging a dead horse and throwing water upon a drowned rat, and when Mr O'Brien and Mr. Dillon think Balfour's spectre is likely to come into power at

THE NEXT GENERAL ELECTION

for another seven years I tell you, fellow countrymen, that the men who will be in power at the next general election will be Sir Wm. Harcourt and the Liberal party (hear, hear) Now, what does a captain of a ship do when he is navigating a vessel? Does he keep his eye upon the storms which have gone past? (No). He consults his barometer: he wants to know what the weather is likely to be before he gets into port, and if I consult my barometer and look out for the weather ahead I turn to Sir Wm. Harcourt's speech recently delivered. I want to know from these seceders whether they are going to endorse the speech of their future leader, Sir Wm. Harcourt. Now what did Sir Wm. Harcourt say? Mr. Dillon is a man of great independence, and he says he is going to do all kinds of things to Sir Wm. Harcourt and the Liberal party if when they get into power they disappoint Ireland. But what are Sir Wm. Harcourt's views of the position? He says that the seceders won't be able to do anything unless the view of the Irish branch of the Liberal party is the same as the view of the English branch of the Liberal party, and that they cannot do anything without leaning upon the strong arm of the Liberal party. I tell you, men of Roscommon and of Galway, that if the day ever comes when your Irish members come to believe that they cannot do anything without leaning upon the strong arm of the Liberal party it is a good, strong kick your Irish members will get from behind from the Liberal party (hear). Except that we live in such refined days I would have said "and the devil take the hindmost" (laughter) Mr. Dillon has announced to us that he is quite able for Sir Wm. Harcourt, but I have noticed in seasons of depression and discouragement Mr. Dillon is not quite so able as he thinks he is on the top of the wave (hear, hear). I remember that in '82, because there was

A LONG PERIOD OF DEPRESSION

and discouragement before us, because we had to face a powerful Coercion Act, introduced by Sir Wm. Harcourt, under which many innocent men were sent into penal servitude, and because he had then to face a long period of uphill battle with very few members—only twenty nine against the Liberal party—Mr. Dillon didn't find that time a congenial moment for exhibiting his peculiar gyrations, and so he retired to America for four years, and he only returned after we had thrown out the Gladstone government, and after we were again upon the top of the wave (hear, hear, and cheers); and a few days ago he announced that if he didn't get more money for the Plan of Campaign tenants that he would retire into private life. Well, I confess that I don't admire a man who doesn't stick to his corner and fight it out whether he is winning or losing; and it would be no reason, because Mr. Dillon cannot get money for the Plan of Campaign tenants, that he should retire either from those tenants or from the Irish nation (cheers). Then if there are any deficiencies in Mr. Dillon, Mr. O'Brien is going to supply them. Mr. O'Brien is going to proceed to extreme courses; what precise extreme courses we don't exactly know yet, but he says they are much more extreme courses than any of us will ever have the courage to appeal to. He will appeal to. He will appeal to these extreme courses in case the Liberal party deceives him. Well he has given us a sample of his extreme courses during the last few years when Mr. Balfour was in office. I suppose he would not exactly feel able to pelt Sir Wm. Harcourt any harder than he has pelted Mr. Balfour; but the trouble about

MR. O'BRIEN'S EXTREME COURSES,

so far as I have been able to catch them, is that they always commence and end either with his extremeties or at the extremeties of some other person (laughter) He was very extreme against Lord Spencer. He must be always in extremes no matter which side he is on, whether he is in Ireland, as he was in 1883, or in England as he is today. In 1883 he was for Ireland, and brought infamous accusations against Lord Spencer. In 1887 and 1890 he is for England, and he is willing to blacken Lord Spencer's boots (laughter) I did not want him either to bring infamous accusations against Lord Spencer in 1883 or to black his boots in 1890 (hear, hear). If I had been consulted I should have said that both these operations were works of supererogation, and that Mr. O'Brien might have more worthily kept his strength and his energy for some better work (hear, hear). But when I am asked to trust the future of Ireland to the extreme courses that Mr. William O'Brien is going to adopt in future in case the Liberal party deceive him I reply that Mr. O'Brien's extreme courses in the past have been neither consonant with his own dignity nor with that of the nation that he seeks to represent (hear, hear).

A Voice—Cheers for Mr. O'Brien.

Mr. Parnell—Mr. O'Brien's friend in the crowd can wait until Mr. O'Brien comes here himself (cheers). This is our meeting; it is not Mr. William O'Brien's (cheers). Now I have never pledged myself to adopt extreme courses, and the man who pledges himself to adopt extreme courses without powder and shot attempts to delude the Irish people (cheers). Oh, no, we have had a new system of extreme courses invented for Irish Nationalists in these latter days, and a new method to fight the power of England in which the only people who can possibly suffer are the rank and file while the leaders are to get off scot free. In a physical combat when armies are drawn up in the field, where cannon are used, and the other paraphernalia of modern war, the general takes, to a great extent, an equal risk with the humblest private soldier. He is liable to be shot at any moment by the same bullet from the rifle that compasses the death of the meanest of the rank and file, but,

MR. DILLON AND MR. O'BRIEN,

they call up their followers to endure risks, hardships, and losses in the persons of themselves and their wives and families which they can never share. I do not underrate the bravery of the humblest peasants and tenant farmers who took part in the Plan of Campaign (cheers). Their heroism was great, and their services to Ireland have been great, and we ought to devote our best energies—I say it today as I have said for many years—for the preservation of those wounded soldiers of the fight against landlordism (cheers). But while I say that, I will not allow the national funds to be used for the ambition and the advance of any man. I am told I have belied my declarations with regard to these tenants. I have not done so (cheers). I declare today, and I declared in writing six months ago, that I am willing to administer the funds for the benefit of the evicted tenants in conjunction with my co trustee, Mr. Justin McCarthy, and I would have had no difficulty about the matter if he had not been intimidated by his followers when this question arose first. I know that grants to the Plan of Campaign tenants were so extravagant that they could not be continued, and that if they were continued on that scale the result would be universal bankruptcy. When I was asked to put the old Land League tenants, the oldest wounded soldiers, upon the same footing as the Plan of Campaign tenants, I said then by all means, provided that the grants are to be the same. Well, £50 000 are given to the Plan of Campaign tenants, and £5 000 a year to the Land League tenants, and when there is only a sum of £40 000 to draw upon you will say that the Land League and Plan of Campaign tenants would be

LEFT WITHOUT SUSTENANCE

at the end of twelve months (hear, hear). Now, the Land League tenants would have fairly complained of me if I had given away the money which they had a right to look to for their sustenance, because it was money accumulated long before the Plan of Campaign tenants under went their sacrifices. They would have fairly had a right to complain of me if I had given away the only reserve fund on such a scale that it would have been squandered and spent at the end of twelve months. I asked Mr. McCarthy, as a preliminary, that I might see the grants that were being made to the Plan of Campaign tenants, so that we might come to some preliminary agreement upon the question of economy. Well. Mr. McCarthy agreed to [illegible] ants. He ag[illegible] writing. But meanwhile his followers had given him their orders, and he got out of giving the list, and from that day to this I have not been able to see a sight of the campaign grants. Now, it was not reasonable to ask me under these circumstances to go blindfolded into the administration of grants of whose justice I knew nothing (hear, hear) I know this much, that there were £50 000 a year, as the seceders have told us. I know the Land League tenants and the Plan of Campaign tenants are to be treated on an equality, and if no injustice is to be done to the Land League tenants some provision should be made for these latter so that they might be able to live for two or three years in the event of the performances of the Liberal party not being so satisfactory when they come into office as Mr. O'Brien and Mr. Dillon seem to think that they will be (hear, hear). Many of the managers of the estates were seceders. They went round to the tenants and they intimidated them into signing a declaration against me with the threat that if they refused to sign, their grants would be cut off (groans). Well, now,

WAS I GOING TO HAND OVER

to these men all through the country this Paris money to be spent in providing instruments of intimidation against my supporters in Ireland? (hear, hear) I had a complaint from the Woodford tenants in Galway, from the town of Tipperary, and other places that the money of the Plan of Campaign was being used for the purpose of intimidating my supporters and preventing freedom of expression of their opinions. That was another reason why six months ago, as I do today, I said that I would not give up my responsibility in regard to the administration of this fund, but I was willing to use it from time to time in conjunction with Mr. McCarthy according to my own judgment, according to my own responsibility In those days I didn't know of any other charges to the extent of fully £20,000, and probably more have turned up. They were unquestionably prior charges which no honorable man in the position of Mr. Dillon can claim to be anything else than prior charges. They were charges for registration last year before the dispute arose, liabilities incurred by private individuals on the faith of the National credit of Ireland, and which if I was put out of my position tomorrow would have to be paid by my successor, because one government always honors the obligations of its predecessors. Mr. McCarthy, before they thought they could quote the cry about the Paris funds, had himself asked me to pay off the registration charges, amounting to £4,000 altogether. We sold out a sum of £5,000 of the £40,000 in Paris for the purpose of getting these charges paid, and we economized, just as I wished there should be economy in the grants to evicted tenants. My suggestion in this matter was adopted. We wrote round to all the solicitors and lawyers to say that if they reduced their claims by 25 per cent we would pay them, and I think they have all reduced their claims and accepted our offer. By that we have saved no less a sum than £1,000 for the evicted tenants (cheers) Well, then, I wished to proceed in the same manner in regard to the other. There was a claim of £4,000 for building New Tipperary, and Mr. Dillon had sent the claim to me on the Paris fund for payment. This was before he thought of making the evicted tenants the first charge upon the Paris fund. Then again there was another claim of Mr. Dillon for the discharge of an overdraft of his and of two other persons, of over £3,000, incurred for the relief of men throughout the country—honest, struggling shopkeepers, who had been advancing money in support of

THE PLAN OF CAMPAIGN TENANTS,

owing to the failure of the grants. For two or three months there were claims from men in New Tipperary who were cast in heavy costs on account of a dispute with Smith-Barry about the market. Five or six of them wrote to say they had been condemned to pay costs. They had spent £1,500, and this would mean ruin and beggary to them. And was I to leave them deserted and defenseless? (cheers) These are all things that will have to be considered together No man is entitled to say under these circumstances that there is £40,000 in Paris available for the relief of the evicted tenants. Then, again, there is a claim of mine and of two of my friends who have borrowed money to the extent of £4,000 to support the Land League evicted tenants since the break up. Now, Mr. Dillon, while he instructed his solicitor to claim against the Paris fund the amount which he had borrowed for the support of the campaign evicted tenants, refused to give us one single farthing to release us from our liability of £2,000 incurred for the benefit of the Land League evicted tenants (hear, hear). That was not particularly fair play (cheers). It was not likely that I was going to treat this question of the Paris funds as if there were no other considerations connected with the matter except the platitudes of which Mr Dillon delivered himself since he came out of prison Now, Mr. Dillon blames me for calling this overdraft of his of £3,000, the repayment of which he wanted—he blames me for calling it his overdraft, and he detects in this expression of mine a deep design upon my part to make the country believe that it was his personal overdraft, that is to say for his own purposes I certainly had no such intention, and I simply followed the wording of Mr. Dillon's own solicitor in writing to me on the subject when he asked me to release £300 for the purpose of discharging Mr. John Dillon's overdraft—I simply used these words because they were used by Mr. Dillon's solicitor, and if I was so iniquitous to use these words Mr. Dillon's solicitor was equally so (hear, hear). I think that I have done with this question of the Plan of Campaign and the Paris funds This £35,000 (for it is now only about £35,000) is the only National reserve money that there is Let an appeal be made to Ireland to support the evicted tenants, and let the evicted tenants be the first charge on the money raised from that appeal at home and abroad that Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien say they are going to make (hear, hear) While they are willing to make the claims of the evicted tenants the first charge upon the Paris fund, which they know they are not going to get, they are not willing to make the claims of the evicted tenants the first charge upon the money which they are going to get at home and abroad, and they are going to get some money. At all events, this money is to be used at the discretion of several persons, and the only purpose mentioned for its use is for the purpose of supporting Irish members at Westminster. These men if they want to be honest on this question if they want to be honest on the evicted tenants' question, let them give the money they have got for the evicted tenants and what they are going to get before they claim anything from the Paris fund

THE PARIS MONEY

is still there, and it will be perfectly safe. It will not be touched, and I tell you, fellow-countrymen, that if we cannot agree, and I see no prospect of my being able to agree with Mr. Dillon and Mr. O'Brien about its immediate release, the time will come when it will be much worse wanted by these evicted tenants, and it will be there for the use of the evicted tenants (cheers) I regret that this question has been made a stalking horse and a political question by those men. If I say a word in return to their accusations they say "You are helping Balfour." At another time they say, "Oh we can answer if we please, but if we did Mr. Balfour would arrest us." We are helping Mr. Balfour. We have an alliance with Mr. Balfour (laughter). Isn't it a very odd thing that the only men who have been recently prosecuted, or who are going to be immediately prosecuted, under the Crimes Act, certainly in the ranks of the priesthood, are two clergymen Father Clarke and Father Kelly, of the barony of Tirrerago, in North Sligo, who were two of the five priests who stood by our candidate in the county (cheers). These are the men these are the priests, who are in alliance with Mr. Balfour. He is so fond of them that he has handed them over to two Removable magistrates and to the plank bed (a laugh). And I suppose I have got such great influence with Mr. Balfour that I am not even able to save these two priests from persecution. I have not heard of any of their priests being prosecuted under the Crimes Act. I have not heard of any of their men being prosecuted under the Crimes Act (hear, hear). As far as I see their influential men consist of the old land grabbers and old Whigs who have always been an impediment to the National movement, and who only come in now because they think that they will ride on the crest of the winning wave for the purpose of directing this movement to their own selfish ends. But they will be disappointed. We stand here, fellow-countrymen, for no selfish object or motive. We may be taunted in many ways, as Mr. Dillon taunted me the other day about

THE KILMAINHAM TREATY.

I am not ashamed of the Kilmainham Treaty (cheers). If it had to be done over again I would do it again, and act as I acted in 1882. I gained solid benefits to Ireland. I struck off two and a half millions of arrears from the necks of the Irish tenants. Had I been afraid to take responsibility, had I been afraid of the opprobrium which might have been cast upon me these benefits would not have been gained. If my projects had not been interfered with by the terrible tragedy of the Phœnix Park much greater benefits would have been gained, benefits for which we had to wait many years from that day to this, and would have obtained for the Irish leaseholder then, in 1882, the right to enter the law courts instead of having to wait till the Conservative government gave it to him in 1887 (cheers). We should have obtained the right that the date of the judicial rents should date from the day of the application instead of from the date of the fixing Hundreds of thousands of Irish tenants instead of toiling for long years under their rack rents from 1882 to 1887, until the land courts brought them relief, would have got relief in the days of 1881 (cheers). We would have obtained for Ireland

FREEDOM FROM COERCION

and the judicial murders which disgraced the reign of Lord Spencer, and under which many innocent men now lie in penal servitude. These things were not to be. But I am taunted with this, with holding out the white flag from the walls of Kilmainham by Mr Dillon, who knows well the white flag was first held out by Mr William O'Brien from that same prison. I was not speaking about these things—they belong to the history of the past. There is but little profit in raking them up, but when the pages of history are searched in the vain attempt to bring accusations against me I too have a right to turn back (cheers). The white flag upon the walls of Kilmainham was first hoisted by Mr. William O'Brien, my fellow prisoner, the month before my release. I do not blame Mr. O'Brien, and I did not. I agreed to his action then. I think his action was instituted in the interests of the tenants. You know when the No-Rent Manifesto was issued *United Ireland* was suppressed. It was impossible, with all the ingenuity we could exert, to continue its publication. During this six months' imprisonment we sent men to Paris to try and publish it there. We sent men to London to try to publish it there, but from every side we were foiled and defeated, and the newspapers were seized by the authorities. We gave up for many months any attempts to continue its publication, but about a month before my release Mr. William O'Brien said, "Do you not think that it will be a loss to the National cause that the only independent Irish organ should cease to exist and if its suppression is much longer continued it will be difficult to obtain a full circulation for it again What I propose," said Mr. O'Brien, "is this, that I should issue a number of *United Ireland* without any reference to

THE NO-RENT MANIFESTO,

or to the incidents of the campaign or the struggle against rents He pointed out that the tenantry had accepted the situation, entered the land courts, and that the no-rent manifesto was a dead letter, and he said—"probably if I issue this number of *United Ireland* it might not be suppressed." I think Mr. O'Brien acted rightly (hear, hear). I wish he would act rightly today with regard to the Plan of Campaign estates. I share the responsibility for his action, but so does Mr. Dillon. *United Ireland* was published in the modified form the week following that signal—that white flag from the walls of Kilmainham. The situation was accepted by Mr. Forster, and Mr. O'Brien was released. This is the uncompromising gentleman who is going to eat his boots or do something equally desperate if he is not able to back somebody's boots (laughter). No; I gave up none of my independence or that of my colleagues to Mr. Gladstone when I came out of Kilmainham to obtain there great benefits, and the truth of that was shown by our subsequent years of fight against Mr. Gladstone and the Liberal party until we threw them out of power in 1885 without Mr. Dillon's assistance, he having retired from his country to America, despairing of the future of Ireland (cheers). Now, fellow-countrymen, the men who are banded together in this movement do not despair of the future of Ireland (cheers). They are not afraid of temporary defeat. These gentlemen talk about fact ons and union They should not have made union impossible by claiming our allegiance to the Liberal party, and to Mr Gladstone, and to the clerical forces in Ireland which, if they succeed, will render all Irish freedom and liberty permanently impossible (cheers). As I said at the beginning of my speech, I did not come into public life for the purpose of taking my orders from such influences and such forces, and I will not do so today (cheers)

WE SHALL CONTINUE THIS FIGHT.

We fight not for faction, but for freedom (cheers). If there ever was a fight which men would have desired to avoid it would have been the fight which my friends throughout Ireland are now waging so bravely. I honor them for their courage, and I will not leave them until they get a better leader (cheers) I regret that you should have to submit to persecution. I know that you look to Ireland's future as a nation if we can gain it We may not be able to gain it, but if not it will be left for those who come after us to win; but we will do our best (cheers).

The resolutions were unanimously adopted

On motion of Mr. F. J. Finley, J. C., Roscommon, a vote of thanks was passed to Mr Kearns for presiding, and the meeting concluded.

Mr. Parnell, who is suffering from an attack of rheumatism, left Roscommon for Dublin by the night mail.—*Freeman's Journal, Sept* 28.

GAEL AND GAUL:

—OR—

The Green and The Tricolor.

A TALE OF THE

FRENCH INVASION OF 1798.

(Founded on Fact.)

BY P. G. SMYTH,

Author of "The Wild Rose of Lough Gill," "King and Viking," "Under the White Cockade," and other highly successful stories.

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ABDUCTION OF MAEVE.

Maeve O'Donnell was left standing alone near the gateway of Killala churchyard. For a few moments she stood watching the departing figures of her brother and lover as they hurried away towards the scene of tumult in the courtyard of the castle.

Few people were in the narrow streets. Occasionally an insurgent came whistling along, pike or musket on shoulder, to take his place in one of the night patrols, and, as a usual thing, respectfully raised his hat as he passed the handsome young lady in dark green riding habit and the piquant, broad leaved hat, with the black, drooping feather.

Maeve was a fearless little body, with nerves well wrought and strengthened by many a lively escapade both by flood and field in her own wild West, where she had developed a light and sure foot on the perilous pathways of the cliffs, a firm and trained hand on the paddle of the ocean tossed curragh. The wholesome fortitude and fearless disposition of a well endowed child of nature shone clear and candid in her honest brown eyes. Besides, she felt doubly secure in her knowledge of the class from which the insurgents were recruited, a class which invariably extended chivalrous respect and courtesy to females—the records of both the Mayo and Wexford insurrections show not a single violation of this noble rule on the part of the men who fought under the green flag. In remote Killala, under the rude régime of the peasant insurgent, the honor of a lady was tenfold safer than it would have been amid a host of King George's officers in nodding plumes and glittering lace.

And well the fair daughter of the O'Donnells knew this as she paced the pavement in front of the old graveyard where lay the mingled ashes of Milesian and Norman and Cromwellian, while the outline of the old cathedral church, built by that grim decapitating prelate, Bishop Otway, darkened the air above her, and the thick, grey twilight fell softly all around. Presently she noticed that the church door, which only a few paces distant from her, stood slightly ajar. A sudden motive of curiosity impelled her towards it, and very soon she was standing in the solemn interior of the building which had arisen on the site of the old church of St. Muredach, the original cathedral of the diocese.

A rather eerie place it was at such an hour, the silent array of pews stretching away in the ghostly twilight, the shadows gathering in the dark corners, the fading light dimly showing the escutcheons and inscriptions on the gravestones which formed the floor of the church, covering the remains of many a Catholic and Protestant prelate. Beneath those broad, stone slabs (several of which were afterwards removed and destroyed by a clerical vandal) soundly slept the ancient Milesian *comharbas* of St. Murrough, prelates who had assisted at the inauguration of many a king of Connacht on the neighboring hill of Mullaghorn, and founded many a church and abbey—the O'Ruans, the O'Mulfovars, the seven MacCeles, and many another saintly light of the old Irish church—there they reposed, the mitre on their hollow brows, the crozier in their crumbling hands. There, his conflicts over, lay the fighting bishop, Richard Barrett, who had led his clan to battle against the Bourkes. Yonder, to the right of the communion table, a plain dark slab marked the resting place of the first Protestant bishop of Killala—so created by Queen Elizabeth—the 'verted Franciscan friar, Owen O'Connor; and near him, in their large ruffs, lawn sleeves, and Geneva caps lay some of his successors, among them Bishop Henry Hall, sometime chaplain to the Duke of Ormond, who repaired the episcopal palace; and Bishop Thomas Bayley, a famous Greek scholar and author of learned works which he dedicated to the celebrated Archbishop Laud. The little cathedral was a regular mausoleum of episcopal celebrities.

But little thought or knowledge had our lady visitor of the relics of religion and erudition which lay mouldering beneath her feet. To her uninitiated mind the place was simply a grim and gloomy old church, full of graves, and a not at all cheerful or inviting resort at such an hour. So with a second glance around her, rather more timid than the first, she turned to leave.

Suddenly, as she stood in the shadow of a tall pew, she caught the sound of voices. She paused and looked about her once more, wondering what anybody could be doing in the church at such an hour. She listened and the words she heard almost froze her blood with terror and dismay.

"Ha, ha! a clever trick, wasn't it, Capt. Crofton, for me to play on the d—d French and croppies?"

"A most ingenious one certainly, Moran, and a bold one; but your courage shall be well rewarded."

"Faith an' well it deserves to be—to get meself locked up in a cowld cell in Castlebar jail, an' to lie for mortial hours on a bundle of dirty sthraw, so as to purtend to the ribbles, divil take them, that I was undher hard punishment, an', therefore, of coorse discontinted and willin' to jine them. A grand plan intirely, Captain."

"A magnificent one."

"Troth well may you say so! Only for it there'd be no Billy Moran to help you out of your cell, and your body would now be lyin' somewhere undher ground in Castlebar, well riddled with Frinch bullets. You've got well through your danger, Captain."

"Yes; after escaping I made my way to Crotton Park. The rebels, curse them, had plundered the place, but I found safe hiding there. At last it got too hot to hold me, and I made my way here after sending you that message. Heavens! but it was miserable to have to crouch all day in that infernal rathole there abroad."

"No doubt. But it can't be helped. There is a better place for colloquin', and we needn't fear bein' disturbed; the sexton, who gave me the keys, is a particular friend of mine—although, begorra, a church is a quare place to be plannin' revinge in, even against Barrett and O'Donnell an' their dirty scum of croppies."

"Bosh! But what of our arrangement, Moran? Have you got at the powder? Have you laid the train?"

A low diabolical laugh, appalling as the fancied gloating of an evil spirit, resounded through the church.

"Ay, that I have, captain! Everything is finished and complete. I'm only waitin' for a convanient hour to light the match that'll make the biggest blaze ever seen in this part of the counthry."

"More than twelve ton of powder, you say. Egad, my man, what a burst and roar 'twill make! Some good loyalists are likely to be sacrificed—the bishop, and Kirkwood, and the rest. Bah! let them look out for themselves; their lives count but little in this grand work of necessity. How fine to uproot this rebelly den, round tower and all, from its vile foundations, to destroy in one moment a multitude of croppy vermin and send the corpses of our enemies splashing all over the bay!"

With admirable presence of mind Maeve moved towards the door, but ere she reached it a slight noise was made by her feet on the hard flags. There was a sudden rush of heavy feet towards her; a scream which she attempted to utter was smothered by a horny hand on her lips, and she lay insensible in the rough grasp of Billy Moran.

When she recovered consciousness she found herself lying on cold damp clay in a narrow, tunnel-like passage, which was lighted by a torch flaring in the hand of one of the men who bent over her. An earthly odor filled the air; the stone walls and roof were wet and dripping. She was not familiar with the appearance of the youngish man, in genteel garb, who was sprinkling water on her face, nor of his companions the burly man in French uniform, who held the torch; she knew she had seen both faces somewhere before, but where and when she could not recall.

"Ah! Miss O'Donnell, so you've come to at last," said the younger man, as opening her eyes she met the critical glance of his. "It was a severe shock to you, no doubt, but you must excuse us; really we did not know a lady was listening or we would not have been so very, very outspoken."

"Where am I?" she demanded, raising herself on her arm and gazing wildly about. The darkness at each end of the passage looked like a black door barring her from liberty.

"In a place of safety—indeed the safest place in town under present conditions."

"But where, where?"

With swift resumption of youthful vigor she sprang to her feet.

"We are under the town of Killala."

Pierce Crofton spoke the truth. They were in a subterranean passage, a species of catacomb which ran under Killala, and the opening of which was in the churchyard. This rude crypt, which branched away in various directions, was originally intended, most probably, as a place of refuge and concealment for the natives of the place in case of attack or invasion. Such caves are common in many parts of Ireland, especially in the county Antrim, where, says the writer, Cæsar Otway, they are known as "Picts' houses." This one, extending its mysterious recesses into the black bowels of the earth under the old town by the sea, is probably the most remarkable of its kind in Connacht.

Not a very agreeable place of retreat either. Maeve winced as her hands came in contact with the cold walls and as she noted her dungeon-like surroundings. She felt faint and feeble. The close air of the uncanny place, made more intoler able by the heat and smoke of the torch, threatened to stifle her. Nevertheless, for a time she bore up bravely.

"Why have you brought me here?"

"Simply as the penalty of your eavesdropping."

"Quite right, Captain," coincided Billy Moran with his usual ferocious grin. "It's not lucky for girls to be galivantin' about churches an' such places at unraisonable hours; they might see an' hear some very quare things, and, maybe, get themselves into trouble—just as you have done, my lady."

"Let me go!" she cried, suddenly; "how dare you bring me here! how dare you attempt to detain me! I shall go instantly—stop me at your peril!"

Crofton seized her by the wrist.

"Do not be rash," he said; "you shall remain here for the present, where you will be much safer than above, pending the explosion of some dozen tons of gunpowder. Perhaps the shock may send this stone roof crashing upon our heads, but we must brave all that for the sake of vengeance—and ours shall be a glorious one. Now, Moran, to your task."

"With a heart an' a half, Captain," replied the spy. Sticking his torch in a fisure of the rugged wall he departed.

Uttering a sharp cry of terror Maeve attempted to follow, but Crofton rudely hurled her back, while his face took the expression of a demon. He drew a pistol and pointed it at her heart.

"Move a step and you die!" he hissed savagely. "The report of this pistol and your death scream would be as little heard on the earth above us as the shriek of a soul in hell. You are wholly in my power. Beware then what you force me to do."

Appalled at these dreadful words she shrank back and sat cowering upon a rock, her throbbing temples resting upon her hands. She no longer dared look at her captor, at whose bloodshot eyes and generally wild appearance she shuddered. Instinctively she felt that to disobey him was certain death.

An hour went by—another—she sitting motionless and pale, he pacing restlessly to and fro like some fierce animal in his cage. Anon he paused and listened intently, then looked anxiously at the stony roof, while the torchlight showed beads of perspiration glistening upon his pale face. Only once he spoke after uttering his threat.

"What a large sepulchre for only two to share!"

At length came a sound of stumbling steps in the passage, and Moran reappeared, his face aglow with diabolical joy.

"The fuse is lighted," he cried; "in a few seconds more every house and human being in Killala will be blown to b—s!"

The tension was too great for poor Maeve. In a fearful spasm of mental agony she sprang to her feet, uttered a terrified scream that rang weirdly through the stark souterrain, and fainted.

Moran gave vent to a sardonic laugh as he viewed the prostrate form of the girl, the upturned face so white and pitiful in the sickly light.

"I thought the O'Donnells had better metal than that," he muttered.

"Hush, fiend," exclaimed Crofton, hoarse with excitement; "silence and wait for the explosion."

"Faith, Captain, you'll have to wait long enough in that case, for there'll be no explosion, at all events tonight. A special guard is placed over the powder. The Frinch colonel has got ordhers to aither bury it or dhrowned it, an' this minute it's being carried away an' buried in the bishop's haggard."

"Curse the luck! What infernal alarm are you creating then?" demanded the squire of Crofton Park in tones of baffled rage.

"Sure I only spoke to frighten the girl; she didn't like the notion of her brother and her sweetheart flying away without wings, poor creature. Ay, 'twas a hard shock that for the intinded wife of Pat Barrett."

"Of Barrett!"

Pierce Crofton's brow knitted to darkness as he surveyed the fair, sweet face beneath him.

"What are we to do with her?—leave her here?"

"Not likely!" replied his satellite, "any ways, not with the breath in her. She would soon make her way out of here, an' the counthry would be alarmed against us, an' maybe tomorrow mornin' might see us danglin' from the same tree. No! I haven't been wastin' my time outside there—though it did me good to sit a spell in the castle kitchen an' sing a little song for the poor idiots of croppies while Barrett was tearin' about like a madman lookin' for his lost rosebud—my heavy curse on him!"

"He has injured you, then?"

"Here is a keepsake of his"—Moran pointed to the wheal still purple on his face—"a gift I swore to return a thousand fold. But, as I said, I didn't waste my time up there in the other world; "I've brought back two rimedies for the quare burthen we've got. Here's one of them, an' I think it's the readiest."

He took a large clasp knife from his pocket, opened it, and made a step towards the insensible Maeve.

"Hold!" said Crofton, relenting, "you would murder her?"

"Botheration! don't be squeamish, Captain; 'tis her life or ours. She can lie here quietly; if the rats do their work 'twill be hard to find her in a day or two."

"No, no—not that way."

"This way, then."

Moran put up his knife and took a phial from his pocket.

"Old Smith, the apothecary, is dead—killed by Duffy of Backs, when the Frinch took the town—but his son carries on the business, an' here's a dhrop of the strongest stuff in his shop."

"Tell me, Moran," queried the squire with a sudden flash of sinister inspiration; "you are a good looking fellow, although your figure has become a little settled, and it would be a pity you should remain longer single—come, what say you to getting married?"

"Troth, 'tis in a hurry the fun catches you, Captain," returned the spy, noticing with surprise the sardonic smile on the face of his companion.

"An heiress, say, to a nice little estate in Erris, an experienced second—one of the leading members of a first-rate abduction club—to help you to win her hand. Finally, the State to step benevolently in, ratify the tender affair, and confirm you in possession of the property which your wife's foolish brother has forfeited by his treason. The programme is fairly laid out for you, Moran. Be a man and adopt it."

For nearly a minute the gloomy crypt rang with the cadence of Moran's hoarse guffaw.

[CONTINUED NEXT WEEK.]

400 Miles as the Crow Flies

Is the distance covered in a single night by the Limited Express trains of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway between Chicago and the Twin Cities of the Northwest—St. Paul and Minneapolis. These trains are vestibuled, electric lighted and steam heated, with the finest Dining and Sleeping Car Service in the world. The Electric reading light in each berth is the successful novelty of this progressive age, and is highly appreciated by all regular patrons of this line. We wish others to know its merits as the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway is the only line in the west enjoying the exclusive use of this patent. For further information apply to nearest coupon ticket agent, or address F. A. MILLER, Assistant General Passenger Agent, 209 Clark street, Chicago, Ill.

GAELIC POETRY.

Smuaintidhe air Fharnell.

Tá cuid muintear na h-Eireann ag gul ós cionn Fharnell,
A's cuid eile d'a mhalligh' a stigh ins an d-tuama;
Sí mo bharamhuil go n-deunann gach aon acu dearmuid,
A's nach fiú é air aon chor aon mhallacht no beannacht.

Má deir duine éigin gur bo Eireannach fíor é,
'S gur mian leis, nósa a thír' féin do choimeud,
Dearfad air ball gur breugaire an té sin
'S nach tuigeann sé féin cad tá teasduidhe ó h-Eirinn.

Bhí Parnell 'una Shasanach có-mheasgtha le "Yankee,"
Maith go leor le deunamh oráid' 'san teach mór a Longdún:
Do rinne sé maitheas, a's ní sheunaim go rinne,
'S thuit sé mar tomad, le draoidheacht na m-ban deas.

Acht is cuma cé'n mhaitheas no olcas do rinn' sé,
Mairfidh a chuimhne go fad ins on tír sin
Dá d-tug sé a cheud-ghráth a laethibh a óige
Sul d'imrigh aon bhean dheas a cleas air a inuitiu.

Acht mairfidh níos sia mór-mhallacht na sazgart
Tar éis é bheith sinte go ciuin ins an g-cré úir.
Agus deirfidh an domhan nach mallóchaidhe air bith é
Má do chroim sé a ghlún, mar O'Connaill, d'on eaglais.

Dá olc do bhí Parnell bhí "Dómhnaill" níos measa,
'Sní le h-aon mhnaoi amháin do rinne sé peacadh;
Mar ghrádhuightheoir ban níor sáruigheadh riamh é
Acht le August ó Pholand 's Don Juan ó n Spáin.

Cad fáth nar mailuigheadh O Connaill 'san tuama
'Gus a bhastáird ag sgreadadh ó chliabhán' no tíre?
Sin ceist d'fhiafrochar le h-ogánaibh Eireann,
A's táim eaglach go n-deunfaidh sí mór-olc do'n eaglais.

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THE MEN IN JAIL.

POLITICAL PRISONERS' AMNESTY ASSOCIATION, TOWN HALL, LIMERICK, Sept. 24—*Fellow Countrymen:* We feel it necessary, after two years persistent labor in the cause of amnesty to draw your attention to the efforts we have made and are making to obtain the release of Messrs. John Daly and James F. Egan, also the other Irish and American prisoners now in British jails, in order that your sympathy and support may be awakened to enable us to bring our movement to a successful issue.

We feel that recent events have increased your interest in the release of our imprisoned countrymen, and the circumstances surrounding those in particular whose political actions have so long seemed to be shrouded in mystery and now brought into light, will, we hope, urge not only you but all lovers of justice and fair play, no matter to what creed or politics they belong, to aid us in striving to obtain for the prisoners their speedy release.

Their convictions and excessive sentences have been proved to be unjust, aggravated and increased by the panic in England during the period of their trials, and we who have known from childhood the honest patriotism of some of those men believe that they are suffering for political offences which recent revelations indicate plainly they were innocent of.

We have from the inception of our movement (Nov. 1889) in Limerick, striven to obtain redress and liberation for these prisoners. The organization of and sending bands and contingents to great public demonstrations of sympathy in Limerick, Ennis, Tralee, Kilkenny, Waterford, Tipperary, Clonmel, Cork, and other towns in Ireland, helped loyally by the local committees, had the effect of concentrating public opinion on the treatment meted out to Irishmen in English jails. The publication and circulation of pamphlets and articles in the press, and the exertions of the Irish party in the house of commons, together with the published interviews from the visits paid by friends to the prisoners, resulted in obtaining a government inquiry, which, though not altogether satisfactory to our countrymen, disclosed the facts that the cruelty alleged by us against prison officials, and the miraculous escape of Mr. John Daly from death by poison in prison, were well founded.

The results of the movement in the relaxation of the specially harsh prison discipline, the transfer of some prisoners from Chatham to Portland (the removal of Scotch prisoners to home establishments), and the less stringent rules adopted as to the visits of friends, together with the release of one of the Irish-American prisoners, Mr. Michael Harkins of Philadelphia, and the promises made by the home secretary to further investigate the cases, is an indication that our work has borne good fruit.

The partial success attending our action justifies us in now addressing you, to aid us in our further efforts to obtain the prisoners' release. The small funds of our association, subscribed almost solely by local friends (if we except the generous contributions from the Irishmen of Philadelphia, the only city in America from which, up to the present, we have received a subscription), have now become exhausted. We, therefore, have to strongly appeal to you to help us out in pressing forward the agitation for amnesty by organizing further public meetings, so as to enlist increased sympathy on the prisoners' behalf. This is most essential at the present time. It is also necessary to be in a position to send a member or members of our association occasionally to England to visit the prisoners, whenever permission is granted, as these visits we know are looked forward to by our imprisoned friends as the only bright events in their present wretched existence.

To our countrymen abroad we urgently appeal, to aid us in carrying on to a successful issue the good work we have undertaken, their generosity in every patriotic Irish movement is proverbial; we hope the cause of amnesty will not be forgotten by them, or pass into history unaided by our exiles across the seas; we cannot believe it will when a necessity for such help arises.

To all Irishmen at home, we strongly urge the necessity of uniting together in the cause of amnesty; we want every good Irishman's help, to enable us to make the movement which has attained so much up to this, ultimately successful in having our imprisoned countrymen restored to home and liberty.

Subscriptions will be received by any of the undersigned.

THOS GORMAN, Chairman.
JOHN CROWE Vice-Ch'm'n.
PATRICK HYNES, Treas'r.
JAMES JONES, Secretary.

BATTLING WITH THE SIOUX!

The History of the Closing and Most Dramatic Epoch in American Indian Warfare, as Told by John F. Finerty.

The American, Irish-American and British Press Pronounce the Book to be a Literary, as Well as Historical, Triumph.

A VERY READABLE AND COMMENDABLE BOOK.

[*New York Critic.*]

With the causes of the war the army, of course, had nothing to do. The conduct of the officers and soldiers throughout seems to have been admirable. It was marked by equal bravery and humanity—virtues which had often to be exercised under very trying circumstances. The author, sharing in these good qualities, and having with them the effervescent spirit of his Irish temperament, and the ready pen of the practiced newspaper correspondent, was well qualified to be the historian of such a conflict. His style, if occasionally careless and some times luxuriant in expression, is always animated and graphic.

A TRUTHFUL AND SPIRITED STORY.

[*New York Nation, July 21.*]

If this stirring narrative is read as it deserves, the people will learn of hardships and peril encountered by their military forces that not one in a hundred thousand ever dreams of. The historian accompanied Crook on his Big Horn expedition, and, as there is no rear in an Indian fight, was in the thick of it on the Rosebud when Crook and the Sioux mutually recoiled. Mr. Finerty writes clearly, and evidently has an ancestral love of fighting from the facility with which he takes his place in the ranks. But he never boasts.

NO MILITARY WRITER EXCEEDS HIM FOR PICTORIAL DESCRIPTIVENESS.

[*Brooklyn Eagle.*]

"No military writer exceeds him for pictorial descriptivenes of either march, battle or bivouac, nor for the lighter touches of camp humor, incident and character, or those of natural scenery, which make such severe work tolerable to those who experience or those who read it. There are few such truthful and powerful pictures of military operations against brave and skillful savages in so vast a country, often as savage as the Indians to be fought."

ENTERTAINING AS A ROMANTIC NOVEL.

[*Hon. J. Medill, Chicago Tribune.*]

"The author participated in nearly every skirmish of the campaigns of which he writes. His book, therefore, is not lacking in historical accuracy. Its arrangement is capital. The narrative never flags. It is as entertaining as a romatic novel. Here and there one finds eloquent bits of scenic description."

REVIEWED BY THE SAXONS.

London Saturday Review (Tory) July 18.

The best adventure in the book is "The Sibley Scout," the experiences of a small reconnoitring party sent out to discover Indians who, in large force, discovered them. Mr. Finerty with a hundred rounds of ammunition had occasion to expend much of it. The story, with its sudden turns, is excellently narrated.

REVIEWED BY THE SCOTCH.

[*Edinboro (Scotland) Scotsman.*]

"Mr. Finerty's narrative reads like a romance of Fenimore Cooper or of Mayne Reid; but it has also the impress of true history. General Crook is the chief hero of these battles and marches, night watches and surprises, among the wild scenery of the 'Bad Lands,' or on the wide stage of the prairie; and General Custer is the chief martyr. The 'red man' also deserves his meed of praise as a fighter; and in our century there have been few such formidable Indian figures as that of Sitting Bull.

A FASCINATING STORY.

[*Chicago Herald.*]

"A more fascinating story of Indian warfare it has not been our good fortune to read for many a day. Aside from mere personal interest the work is a valuable contribution to our western history, and should be read alike by those who love a story of adventure and those who are interested in the story of the subjugation of the West.

AN EX-CONFEDERATE'S OPINION.

[*Col. John George Ryan in The Press-Eagle, Pine Bluff, Ark.*]

Reader, send at once for a copy of John F. Finerty's recent book entitled "Warpath and Bivouac; or, the Conquest of the Sioux." It is a splendid contribution to the historical literature of the day, and should be within the walls of every household. The book reads more like a vivid romance than a concise narrative of adventures among, and battles with, hostile Indians. Mr. Finerty's book will read like an enchanting novel in the hands of a girl, while to the man who was often hid by the smoke of battle in 1861-5, or at other times, the work will be of absorbing interest.

NO NEW CHAPTER CAN BE ADDED.

[*Bismarck Tribune.*]

Even those familiar with the history of the Custer massacre will read with fresh interest the graphic details leading up to that terrible slaughter, as related by the *Times* correspondent, Mr. Finerty, and now offered to the public in the volume with the above title. The campaign of 1879, on the British line, which embraces Gen. Miles' battle with Chief Joseph; Sitting Bull's last fight, and the rounding up of that expedition, which might be considered as a termination of Indian warfare, forms an interesting part of the volume and it may safely be asserted that no new material will ever be furnished that can add another chapter of like interest to the history of progress on this continent in supplanting barbarism with civilization.

DIRECT, VIVID AND VIGOROUS.

[*New York Times.*]

"It is a handsome octavo volume of nearly 500 pages, furnished with well executed maps and illustrations, written in the author's nervous, vigorous and picturesque style. It gives a complete and circumstantial account of the great Indian wars of 1876 and 1879, not gathered piecemeal from what others have written, but told in the direct vivid way of one who saw and knew of what he writes."

IT WAS A TERRIBLE CAMPAIGN.

[*New York Herald.*]

"Mr. Finerty's story was not obtained at headquarters, or from official reports, but through participation in all the work described. He tells just such a tale as might be expected from an intelligent soldier, except that he gives us more details, all of them interesting, of camp life and the march."

NOTHING MORE GRAPHIC SINCE WASHINGTON IRVING

[*John Boyle O'Reilly, in Boston Pilot.*]

"In 'Warpath and Bivouac,' by John F. Finerty, we have the truthful story of the Sioux campaign of 1876, from the pen of a gallant correspondent who shared in all its thrilling dangers and vicissitudes. Nothing more graphic in that line has been written since Irving's stirring narratives of "Astoria" and "Captain Bonneville's Adventures."

A RELIGIOUS CRITIC.

[*New York Independent.*]

Mr. John F. Finerty, war correspondent of the Chicago *Times*, has graphically told the story of the conquest of the Sioux, which included some of the fiercest and bloodiest fighting ever done on our frontier. It is history that we have here, narrated by one of the active participants in the scenes depicted. Mr. Finerty writes in the true journalistic mood, with an eye to effect; but he tells all that one cares to know and tells it well.

MRS. GEN. JOHN A. LOGAN'S CRITICISM.

[*The Home Magazine.*]

"Warpath and Bivouac; or, The Conquest of the Sioux," by John F. Finerty is one of the brightest and best written stories of our conquest of the Indians that we have ever read. The gifted author has immortalized in eloquent language the sacrifices, trials, and hardships of our gallant officers and soldiers, in their long and trying chases after the wily red man, over ground well known to him, but unknown to them, graphically describing the many bloody conflicts with these treacherous foes. As a nation, we have not fully recognized the services of such heroic officers as Harney, Fremont, Sully, Stanley, Connors, Crook, Miles, Merritt, Terry, McKenzie, Gibbon, Carr, Lawton, Custer, McCauly, Fetterman, Kidder, Elliott, Brown, Grummond, Yates, McKinney, and a host of others, who have displayed such signal ability and dauntless courage in their campaigns and intercourse with the hostile Indians, far too many falling victims to these rapacious savages. We have lost sight of their deeds of daring in our desire to reward the soldiers of the civil war.

The unmarked graves, butchered bodies, and bleaching bones of the fallen on the plains, and in the mountains of the Far West, should not appeal to us in vain. Mr. Finerty has placed the facts before the public as they have never been placed before, and he deserves for his noble work the thanks of the whole country, and a rich harvest from the sale of his book.

TRUTHFUL AND PICTURESQUE.

[*Chicago Inter-Ocean.*]

"The pictures of the life on the frontier are splendidly drawn. Wherever a soldier or friend fell in answer to the summons, or performed an act of heroism, it will be found recorded in 'Warpath and Bivouac.'"

MORE ATTRACTIVE THAN FICTION.

[*Scranton (Pa.) Truth.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book is more attractive than fiction. It depicts with the facile pen of a man who sees and appreciates the picturesque in real life, some of the most thrilling incidents of Indian history, and the author has brought to his task the great merit of accuracy. The volume deserves a large sale."

INTERESTING FROM START TO FINISH.

[*Chicago Morning News.*]

"Mr. Finerty's book contains all the material facts of a history of the operations against the Sioux, but it is written in a narrative style and is interesting from start to finish. His descriptions of the Rosebud fight, the "Sibley Scout," the engagement at Slim Buttes, and his story of the long march in pursuit of the Indians after the Custer massacre, have never been equaled."

INTERESTING AS FENIMORE COOPER.

[*Chicago Evening Journal.*]

"Probably the most exciting chapters of the work are those in which are described the adventures of the Sibley scouting expedition, which the author obtained leave to accompany, and which came near resulting in the capture and death of all who took part in it. The story of the way in which this little band of men were surprised by the Indians, of their siege by ever-increasing numbers of savage foes, of their stout resistance, and of their skilfully managed retreat when all escape seemed hopeless, is none the less interesting because it is strictly true, and is quite as thrilling as a chapter of Fenimore Cooper's novels."

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Consumption Surely Cured.

To the Editor: Please inform your readers that I have a positive remedy for consumption. By its timely use thousands of hopeless cases have been permanently cured. I shall be glad to send two bottles of my remedy FREE to any of your readers who have consumption if they will send me their Express and P. O. Address. Respectfully, T A. SLOCUM, M. C., 181 Pearl street New York.

WOMAN ON HER MUSCLE

She Attacks an Ohio Judge in the Courtroom.

MUCH TROUBLE TO OVERPOWER HER

Two Sisters Become Insane Within a Few Hours of Each Other—A Chicago Dressmaker Receives a Legacy of $35,000 by Sending a Present to Her Grandfather—Swift Punishment of a Wife-Beater—Telegraphic Notes of Interest.

HAMILTON, O., Oct. 20.—There was a sensational scene in the common pleas courtroom here Monday morning. Mrs. Frances Kimball, weight 200 pounds, and in the pink of condition, landed her clinched fist twice in succession on the neck of Judge Hume, one of the judges of the common pleas court. Some time ago Mrs. Kimball brought suit for breach of promise against Harrison Kimball, whom she claimed should have married her but did not. Consequently she wanted $10,000. The case was compromised by the attorneys and dismissed without record by mutual consent. Monday was motion day, and Mrs. Kimball was there. Judge Thomas, who was not originally connected with the case, wanted it reinstated, but the court denied the motion.

Fought Like a Demon.

Judge Thomas called his client into an ante-room and explained the situation, which had not before penetrated her understanding. The woman became furious. Re-entering the courtroom she approached Judge Hume, and seizing the judge by the right arm with her left hand, she struck him twice in the neck. The judge was "knocked out" in more senses than one. She was about to hit him again when a court messenger seized her upraised arm. The woman became furious and fought like a demon. She was getting the best of the messenger, when a court bailiff came to the rescue and she was forced into the witness box and held there. Judge Vanderver ordered her removal to jail. She was released in the afternoon.

SAD AFFLICTION.

The Two Daughters of a Wealthy Manufacturer Become Suddenly Insane.

SYRACUSE, Oct. 20.—The unusual experience of two young women becoming insane within a few hours in one family has just occurred in the household of Edward Clark, a wealthy manufacturer living in Elbridge, a suburb of this city. Mr. Clark has two pretty and accomplished daughters, both graduates from Syracuse university. Lillie, the eldest, lost her reason while at the dinner table Saturday evening, and within a short time Maggie also showed signs of dementia. Both escaped to the lawn and there became clasped in each other's arms.

Insanity on the Mother's Side.

It took three strong men to separate them. They became very violent and had to be restrained. Dr J. W. Warren was called and administered strong narcotics, but it was three hours before the medicine had any effect. The only reason that can be ascribed for the girls' loss of reason is that there have been signs of insanity on their mother's side and it may be hereditary. There has been little improvement in their condition for two days and it is believed that they will have to be taken to an asylum. The sad affliction was kept quiet until now.

BIG MONEY FOR ANNIE.

Handsome Returns for Sending Her Grandfather a Present.

CHICAGO, Oct. 20.—Annie H. Hoffman of 383 West Harrison street has been in Chicago since last April working as a dressmaker. She came here from Burlington, Ia., where she lived with her mother and sisters. A year ago she made a necktie case and sent it to her grandfather, Ignatz Hoffman, a man 82 years old, living in Prussia, and whom Miss Hoffman had never seen.

Left $35,000 to Miss Hoffman.

It was a simple little gift and she thought no more of it, but evidently the old gentleman across the ocean appreciated it and bore pleasant remembrances of the granddaughter in America who thought enough of him to send him a birthday present. A few weeks ago Mr. Hoffman died, leaving quite a comfortable little fortune Instead of dividing the money among his numerous relatives he left the $35,000 to the donor of the necktie case, and Miss Hoffman received word of her good fortune a day or two ago. It will be necessary for Miss Hoffman to go to Prussia to obtain her legacy.

The Justice and the Wife Beater.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20.—Justice Ryan was passing through Essex Market place on his way to court Monday morning when he saw a man striking a woman in the face with his fist. The first impulse of the justice was to thrash the fellow, but remembering what was due to his judicial dignity he merely grabbed him by the collar, dug his knuckles into his neck, shook him till his teeth rattled and then handed him over to a policeman. After the justice had taken his seat on the bench in Essex Market police court the man was arraigned before him. He said his name was Samuel Dublin, and that the woman he was beating was his wife, Mary. Mrs. Dublin made a complaint of assault against her husband, and the justice sent him to the island for six months.

Sued Her Husband's Parents.

FINDLAY, O., Oct 20.—Matilda Calvin has commenced suit against William Calvin and his wife, the father and mother of her husband, George Calvin, to collect damages to the amount of $15,000 for the alienation of her husband's affections. She sets forth that she is entitled to damages for being deprived of the society, assistance and support of her husband and for being deprived of any part of their little property, and her life thereby saddened and her prospects for the future marred. All the parties are prominent here, and the filing of the suit has caused a great sensation.

Rain Company Incorporated.

TOPEKA, Kan., Oct. 20.—The Inter-State Artificial Rain company of Goodland filed its charter with the secretary of state. The objects of the company, as stated in the charter, are to promote agriculture and to supply water to the public by producing and increasing the rainfall by artificial means. It is understood that this company has a contract with Frank Melbourne to furnish the rain. Capital stock, $100,000

Dropped Dead in Court.

ZANESVILLE, O., Oct. 20.—Jacob Baird, one of the wealthiest and most influential farmers in this section, dropped dead Monday morning in the common pleas courtroom while being examined on the witness stand.

FRAUDULENT PENSIONS.

An Organization Formed at Providence to Put a Stop to Them.

PROVIDENCE, Oct. 20.—An organization is being formed here the primary object of which is to put a stop to fraudulent and questionable pensions and to expose those that have already secured them. The promoters of the new order will style themselves the Old Guard. Eligibility to membership in the Old Guard will consist, first of membership in good standing in the Grand Army, and secondly, of not less than thirty months' actual service either in the army or navy.

Becoming Sick of the Abuse.

The men who propose to organize under the title mentioned are all prominently identified with the Grand Army, and all are Republicans. The respectable and self-respecting members of the Grand Army here have become heartily sick of the way pensions are being applied for by men who saw little or no service, never received a bullet wound and who, after a quarter of a century, have discovered that they are suffering from diseases contracted while in the army.

MAKING FUN OF LORD "RANDY."

An African Lion Adventure Makes the London People Laugh.

LONDON, Oct. 20.—Lord Randolph Churchill's lion story in The Graphic is giving the public a lot of diversion. Some of the papers are cruel enough to speak of his lordship's story of adventures with lions as idiotic, and one writer goes so far as to suggest that if Churchill bearded the monarch of the African wilds, the lion Churcaill met must have been stuffed. Then cruel comparisons are drawn between Churchill and Gordon-Cumming, the lion hunter, and altogether his lordship is likely to have a bad quarter of an hour when he glances over the mail that will bring him today's paper.

Taken Up by the Music Halls.

In addition to the merciless chaffing in the press, the lighter theatres have seized upon "Randy and his lions" as a subject for the amusement of the profane. A singer named Roberts, in the Gaiety, has composed a new and blood-curdling verse in addition to her usual topical song, and the roars that greet the allusion to the valiant hunter "Randy" put the African lions quite at a discount.

Pleased with the Americans.

LONDON, Oct. 20.—The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, in a long letter to The Chronicle, says he is delighted with the cordiality and heartiness of the reception accorded the British delegates to the ecumencial conference at Washington. He gives a succinct account of the doings of the ecumencial conference, highly praising the American speakers. He says: "The peculiarly intense brotherliness existing among Methodists is a quality charming and blessed beyond all praise." With reference to the opening meeting the writer says: "The occasion, reviewing the gathering as a whole, was an impressive illustration of the resources and kindliness of American Methodism."

Baptist Ministers in Conference.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., Oct. 20.—There are about 1,000 Baptist ministers and lay delegates here to take part in the proceedings of the annual state convention of the Baptist association. The initial meeting was held in the Baptist church, an immense congregation being present. The opening devotional exercises were conducted by the Rev. E J. Thomas and the Rev. H. C. Leland preached an able doctrinal sermon. The music was led by the Rev. L. Albert, who will have charge of the singing throughout the meetings of the association.

Raum's Resignation.

NEW YORK, Oct. 20.—The Herald prints a Washington dispatch which it credits to The Post of that city, declaring positively that the resignation of Pension Commissioner Raum is in the hands of Secretary Noble, to take effect Nov. 30. A special dispatch to The Times from Washington says the report that Governor Steele of Oklahoma is to be made commissioner of pensions is confirmed, although it is understood that the official announcement of the appointment will be deferred for several days.

Ravages of Hog Cholera.

BLOOMINGTON, Ills., Oct. 20.—Hog cholera is again doing much damage at a number of points in central Illinois, and nearly all the animals killed by the disease are large and valuable, fattened for the market on high priced corn. Within a fortnight three hundred or more hogs have died from cholera at Minola, Woodford county. Around Tazewell county whole droves of swine are dying. At Wapella, De Witt county, large numbers have already been taken ill.

Said Moss Was a "Hayseed."

ANNAPOLIS, Md., Oct. 20.—William Seydgeley and George T. Melvin, publishers of The Maryland Republican, were arrested Saturday on a charge of criminal libel preferred by Robert Moss, the Democratic candidate for senator in this county. The prisoners were released on $500 bonds. The charge is based upon an article published in the paper attacking Mr. Moss, headed "Hayseed Kicking Again."

To Reconcile Irish Factions.

DUBLIN, Oct. 20.—The Freeman's Journal says that there is a strong feeling throughout the country in favor of a determined effort in the direction of reconciliation. It adds: "If the measure of home rule granted by the Liberals is inadequate it will again become necessary to coerce them into submission, which could only be done by a united party."

Russia's Latest Move for Trouble.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 20.—It is said that the sultan has signified to Russia his disapproval of the proposed passage of a ship of war carrying the Russian Grand Duke George through the Dardanelles, and that the porte is preparing to fortify the entrance to the Bosphorus from the Black sea.

Illinois F. M. B. A. Convention.

SPRINGFIELD, Ills., Oct. 20.—The annual meeting of the state assembly of the F. M. B. A. began here Tuesday. It seems to be pretty generally conceded that an entirely new set of officers will be elected, with probably the exception of secretary.

BURNED IN THE WRECK

Frightful Disaster on the Panhandle in Ohio.

BRAKEMAN AND MESSENGER KILLED.

The Wreck Takes Fire and the Two Men Are Burned to Death—Fatal Accident at a Church Celebration—Three Violent Deaths at the National Capital—A Number of Valuable Horses Roasted Alive—Other Mishaps.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 16.—The limited express and a freight train on the Panhandle railroad came together headforemost at Mingo Junction, near Stubenville, O., at 6:15 o'clock Friday morning. Two men were killed and four injured. The killed are: William Marshall, brakeman, Columbus, O., and Joseph Vestner, express messenger. Those injured are: A. Stanley, postal clerk, Cincinnati; A. R. Keys, postal clerk, Trinway, O.; W. S. Davis, postal clerk, London, O.; Robert McPherson, baggagemaster, Columbus, O.

The Wreck Takes Fire.

The cause of the accident is not exactly known, as the piece of track known as the gauntlet, where the accident occurred, is said to be so protected that only one train can be on it at a time. Both engines and several freight cars were demolished. The combination baggage and express car caught fire and was consumed. Brakeman Marshall and Express Messenger Joseph Vestner of Columbus, O., who were in this car, were caught in the wreck and burned to death.

VALUABLE HORSES BURNED.

A Wealthy Ohio Stock Breeder Suffers a Loss of $75,000.

SABINA, Oct. 16.—Between 2 and 3 o'clock in the morning U. M. Morgan, a wealthy and extensive breeder of fine trotting and pacing horses, sustained a loss of $75,000 by evident incendiary burning of his barn and thirteen finely bred horses, eight of which were stallions. There was no insurance on either barn or horses. Nancy Strathmore, full sister of Harry Strathmore, and valued at $10,000, was lost, as was also Hazord Strathmore, full brother to Harry. Artemus Jr., half brother to Pickwood, who beat the world's record for yearlings at Cambridge city, Ind., and Startaway, half brother to Mambrino Maid, and by Mambrino Startle, were burned. Several well known horses were burned. Harry Strathmore, the famous pacer, was saved by being left out over night in a pasture.

Hurled to His Death.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16.—A huge block of sandstone that had been raised to the Fifth story of the McGill building in course of erection here fell, striking a scaffold in its descent and hurling Thomas Payne, a workman, to the ground. His neck was broken. The falling debris struck Morris Wright, a negro laborer, and Lillie Webster, a 13-year-old school girl. Wright was taken to a hospital suffering from contusion of the brain while the little girl received severe scalp wounds.

Killed by a Premature Explosion.

ST. PAUL, Neb, Oct. 16.—The salute fired in honor of Bishop Scannell of Omaha, at Posen church Thursday morning, resulted in the death of John Aneway. Young Aneway was helping load a small cannon which was discharged prematurely, tearing both hands off and badly mashing his head and body. What was intended as a happy church affair has cast a gloom over the entire community.

Fatal Fall of an Old Lady.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16.—Mrs. Mary Wiley Preston, mother of Herbert A. Preston, well known for twenty years as a member of the Washington bureau of the New York Herald, fell down a stairway in her residence and died within five minutes. Her neck was dislocated. Mrs. Preston was in her 80th year.

Fell in Front of an Engine.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16.—George Mehler, aged 33 years, an engineer on the B. and O. railroad, was struck by a train of that road and instantly killed. He tripped over a signal wire and fell in front of the engine.

Caught in the Shafting and Killed.

SAGINAW, Mich., Oct. 16.—At Wickes Bros.' foundry, in this city, John Sommers, the engineer, while oiling the shafting was caught by the coat and whirled around with terrible velocity and instantly killed.

SUMMONED BY DEATH.

The Wife of Allen G. Thurman Dies at Her Home in Columbus.

COLUMBUS, Oct. 19.—Mrs. Allen G. Thurman, who died at the home of the Old Roman late Saturday evening after a lingering illness, was, in her young days considered one of the most beautiful ladies in the west. She was born in Chillicothe, in 1811, her maiden name being Mary Anderson Dun. Her first husband's name was Tompkins. He died in 1840 and four years later she married Judge Thurman. Last winter she contracted the grip and never fully recovered from it. The domestic difficulties of her daughter weighed heavily upon her mind. Judge Thurman is very feeble and it is thought he will not long survive her.

The Ecumenical Conference.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 19.—The eleventh days' session of the Ecumenical Methodist conference was presided over by a layman, William Marsden of Doncaster, England, Wesleyan Reform Union. The topic for the day was "The Church and Public Morality." Reports from the business committee were made and a memorial was presented to the conference and adopted to set aside the week commencing Nov. 15 as a week of prayer.

Slaughtered His Own Babe.

BROWN CITY, Mich., Oct. 19.—Thomas Earley, the proprietor of a small grocery store at Cheyenne, near here, attempted to stab his wife while in a drunken rage. He missed her and murdered his young child, which his wife held in her arms, the dagger penetrating the brain of the baby, which was only two months old.

Balfour the Conservative Leader.

LONDON, Oct. 19.—It is officially stated that the Chief Secretary Balfour will take the place of the late Rt. Hon. William H. Smith as first lord of the treasury, carrying with it the Conservative leadership in the house of commons.

COMMITTED HEAVY FORGERIES.

The Name of a Millionaire Lumberman of Milwaukee Fraudulently Used.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 19.—The disappearance of M. R. Hansen, a Babcock lumberman, has brought to light a mass of forged paper which may amount to $50,000. The forgeries are in the shape of notes purporting to have been drawn by George Hiles, the millionaire lumberman and land-dealer of this city. Mr. Hiles and Hansen had had business dealings for years Knowing Hiles' wealth and business standing in the lumber districts of the northern part of the state, Hansen, it is said, put out a number of notes, varying in amount from $200 to $5,000, signed by Hiles' name. These Hansen indorsed and negotiated.

Secured a Large Sum.

As his business standing had always been of the best, and it was known that he had extensive business deals with Hiles, the notes were accepted without hesitation. Just how much Hansen got is not known. It is said a number of notes were floated in the northern part of the state. It is certain that he secured $15,000, while his forgeries may run up to $50,000. About ten days ago Hansen left home ostensibly to make a business trip. Since then he has not been seen. His property, consisting of a sawmill and general merchandise store at Babcock, has been attached to satisfy creditors.

Traced the Notes to Hansen.

The forgeries first came out through the presentation to Mr. Hiles of a note for $5,000, which had been discounted by a Grand Rapids bank and bore his signature As it was not the custom of the Milwaukee millionaire to give notes he informed the bank that the note was a forgery. The first note was followed by two others, one from LaCrosse, to the effect that a bank there held two notes of his for $2,500 each, and from a Centralia bank, which held his paper for $5,000. The notes were all pronounced forgeries by Hiles, and an investigation was started which traced the notes to Hansen. Then the latter disappeared.

DOUBLE TRAGEDY IN IOWA

Caused by a Man's Unsuccessful Effort to Win a Young Lady.

DUBUQUE, Oct. 19.—Another romance of unrequited love ended Sunday in a double tragedy. A young farmer named Hahn, living near McGregor, sixty miles north of here, had been paying attention for some time to Mary Otto, a German girl who lived with her uncle, John Otto, on a neighboring farm. Hahn was inclined to be wild, and neither the girl nor her relatives smiled upon his suit. He was persistent, however, and so worried Miss Otto with his importunities that early last week she went to McGregor so as to avoid him. Sunday morning Hahn appeared at Mr. Otto's residence and demanded to see the girl. Otto replied that she was in McGregor, and ordered him to leave the premises.

Captured the Miscreant.

Hahn refused to go, and hot words followed, ending by his drawing a revolver and shooting the elder Otto dead. Otto's son grappled with Hahn, but he, too, received a bullet, inflicting a fatal wound. Hahn then started for McGregor, declaring he would kill the girl. A number of farmers gathered and pursued the murderer, but did not dare to arrest him until officers from McGregor, who had been notified, appeared. Hahn resisted arrest, but was finally captured and lodged in jail at McGregor. Much excitement prevailed, and talk of lynching was freely indulged in by the citizens of McGregor.

Of No Particular Consequence.

LONDON, Oct. 19.—The revelations of Mr. William O'Brien as to the Boulogne conference are not looked upon as of any consequence, coming as they do, after Parnell's lips are sealed. It is believed that O'Brien wishes to create a movement in favor of himself for leader of the Irish party, but in this he is not likely to be successful, as the Parnellites are determined to have nothing whatever to do with O'Brien.

DUBLIN, Oct. 19.—The corporation of Kelkenny has prepared an address of welcome to Mr. William O'Brien, which will be presented to him upon the occasion of his expected visit to that city.

General Miles' Suggestion.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 19.—Major General Nelson A. Miles, commanding the department of the Missouri, has reported to the war department the operations in his division during the last year, reviewing the Indian war and declaring that while the "volcano has cooled down" the fires of discord still remain. He suggests that during the World's fair the National guard of 20,000 troops and 10,000 United States troops be mobilized at Chicago. He estimates that this would cost $850,000, and recommends that congress be asked to make the necessary appropriation.

Crowds at Parnell's Grave.

DUBLIN, Oct. 19.—Great crowds flocked to Parnell's grave Sunday. All the railways ran excursion trains and hosts of people poured into the city from all directions. Floral tributes were piled up all around the grave. One of the most conspicuous was from Polish Nationalists. It was brought by a special delegate from the revolutionary party in Warsaw, having been smuggled across the Russian frontier. This wreath was placed on the grave with elaborate ceremonies.

Severe Storm in Ireland.

DUBLIN, Oct. 19.—A hurricane prevails in west Ireland. The Shannon has overflowed, submerging much land, destroying building and drowning cattle. The storm is the worst for twenty years. A gale also rages on the channel and the mail boats have arrived at Kingstown badly damaged. Thirty small boats have been wrecked and much property destroyed. Younghal is partly flooded. property has been destroyed by the overflowing of the Blackwater river.

Three Children Cremated.

HELENA, Ark., Oct. 19.—News has been received here of the burning to death of three children on the Crewes plantation, across the river in Mississippi. The parents of the children left them in the house while they went out in the field to work. The children were ordered to bar the door to keep the house warm. Flames were noticed coming from the house soon after, but no one was able to break open the doors.

Assignment at Milwaukee.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 16.—William Veitch, operating a planing mill and box manufactory at the corner of Canal street and Muskego avenue, made an assignment Thursday afternoon. The assets are about $50,000, liabilities not stated.

NEWS BRIEFLY STATED.

Happenings of a Week Given in Condensed Form.

August Jonas, a laborer 51 years old, of Detroit, hanged himself.

J. W. Lyons & Co.'s rag shop at Brooklyn was damaged $50,000 by fire. Several women were badly injured by jumping to escape the flames.

The public schools of Marshall, Mo., have been closed on account of an epidemic of diphtheria.

Five children of Mr. and Mrs. William Hammond of Stantonville, Ills., have died of diphtheria within a week. Mrs. Hammond is also expected to die.

Andrew Wicklund, a farmer at Superior Junction, Wis., was shot and killed by an Indian named John Warren. Ed Johnson, another farmer, received a serious wound in the side. The Indian has fled and a posse is in hot pursuit.

William Schwedersen shot his wife and attempted to kill himself at Maquoketa, Ia. Mrs. Schwedersen will die.

The breeding stock of the late August Belmont, consisting of 105 mares, stallions and sucklings, has reached New York to be sold.

A collision occurred on the Paris and Rouen railway. Two trains ran together with great violence, smashing several of the carriages. Twelve persons were badly injured.

A cancer eating at his vitals caused David A. Thompson, of Carrollton, Ills., to shoot himself.

It is estimated that the tatol yield of corn in Iowa the present season will be 300,000,000

The wife and mother of Joe Coe, who was hanged by a mob at Omaha, Neb., claim that Coe was innocent of the crime with which he was charged. They declare he was at home when the crime was committed.

Somebody who believes he knows says not a Rothschild, not Baron Hirsch, not Rockefeller, not Gould, but Cornelius Vanderbilt is the richest man on the planet.

* * *

The officers of the Minnesota State fair of 1891 have made their report, showing profits of $10,760. Every previous fair lost money.

Mrs. J. L. Bender of Toledo was fatally burned by an explosion of turpentine.

Henry Sanford, of Bridgeport, Conn. has been chosen president of the Adams Express company to succeed John Hoey. Frederick Lovejoy was chosen vice president.

The dies in use at the New Orleans mint for making silver dimes are so imperfect that work has been ordered stopped.

The bicycle has become almost as popular in Germany as it is in the United States. The German Union of Bicyclists now has over 1,400 members.

The champagne vintage has commenced in the vineyards at Ay and Cumieres, France, but both in quantity and quality the crop is far below the average.

A reduction of 10 cents per 100 pounds on all cotton without regard to destination has been made by the Texas and Pacific railway.

It is reported that Pauline Hall and her manager, George B. McClellan, are married. They occupied the same apartments at a Louisville hotel during a recent engagement in that city.

At Philadelphia the judges withheld the purse in the 2:30 pacing race because Brown Frank, a rider, wore false whiskers.

A woman and two children were run over and killed by a Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul passenger train near Bensonville, Ills.

A wild goose killed in California had a grain of wheat in its crop, which, when planted, produced a variety hitherto unknown.

The constitution of the United States has been published in New York in the Hebrew language, with explanatory notes in Hebrew.

In the village of Rio Grande, six miles north of Cape May, N. J, there are two weeping trees, from the limbs of which rain falls to the ground daily, and the hotter the day the heavier the fall of moisture.

* * *

Dr. W. G. Eggleston, during the past year assistant secretary of the Illinois state board of health, will go to Peoria in a few days to take editorial management of the Peoria Herald.

Assistant County Attorney Moriarity of Omaha and six other prominent citizens have been arrested for lynching Coe.

A skeleton has been found in a gravel pit near Paris, Ills. The remains are believed to be that of a peddler named Cox, who disappeared about ten years ago.

Shanghai advices state that a number of French officers and soldiers have been slain by Chinese pirates.

James Morris and John Miller, indicted for burglary, escaped from jail at Lancaster, Wis.

In a fight at Union Grove, Wis., James Buffton was kicked and pounded so badly that he will probably die, and William Pferdesteller was stabbed in the abdomen.

It has been established that C. C. Washburn post of Madison, Wis., is the oldest G. A. R. post in the world.

It is reported that the Russian government is negotiating for the purchase of large quantities of breadstuffs in the United States. Fourteen million persons are said to be in need of immediate help.

Members of the Colorado Mining exchange have issued a call for a national congress, to meet in Denver, Nov. 18 next. Delegates are expected from the principal cities in the country.

The Michigan crop report for October gives the total wheat crop as 30,411,730 bushels.

The Hon. Rutherford B. Hayes has been re-elected president of the prison congress by the convention at Pittsburg.

The suit brought by Joseph Naddo to establish his claim to eighty acres of land in Duluth Minn., has been decided against the plaintiff.

Mrs. Robert T. Lincoln, wife of the American minister to England, has gone to Tours, where she will remain for three months.

Eleven machinists were injured, two probably fatally, by the explosion of a locomotive boiler in a machine shop at South Park, near St. Paul.

The secretary of state of Illinois is preparing a bulletin containing information which will enable clerks of counties and towns to distinguish the heads of sparrows from those of other birds.

* * *

At Omaha eighteen of the alleged lynchers of the negro Smith were arraigned in the police court for a preliminary hearing On motion of the attorneys for the defendants the case was postponed until Monday afternoon next.

General Powell Clayton's son, Powell Clayton, Jr., is an applicant for civil appointment to the army. He has been cultivating his taste for army life by study at the Pennsylvania Military academy.

Edward Nolan, a letter carrier of Duluth charged with misappropriating money collected for postage, has been acquitted.

Remains of the soldiers who fell in the battle of Fort Recovery 100 years ago have been disinterred and will be buried in the new Federal cemetery at that place.

The St. James hotel at Emmetsburg, Ia., was entered by burglars. The waiting girls' rooms were ransacked and about $30 in cash taken. No clew.

R. J. Stubbr, aged 21, a student in the high school at Lawrence, Kan., shot himself with a pistol, dying within an hour. He left a note saying that everything seemed to go wrong. His father is a wealthy farmer.

James Hayden, a young and wealthy farmer living near San Antonio, Tex., blew out his brains because his affianced, Ruth Smith, refused to keep her engagement.

At Des Moines, Ia., the Iowa Alliance before adjournment voted against fusing with the southern Alliance.

There are two inches of snow at Ironwood, Mich., and more is falling.

Nancy Hanks has been sold to J. Malcolm Forbes by Colonel Boswell. The price is private, but is said to be $50,000.

Jacob L. Sulphin, aged 50 years, of Morristown, N. J., committed suicide by shooting himself through the head. He had just returned from a visit to the grave of his wife when he committed the act.

Minneapolis mills made 194,875 barrels of flour last week, breaking all previous records. Most mills are sold well ahead. There is a slight falling off in the foreign demand for bakers and low grades.

At the "Dubs" Evangelical association conference in Philadelphia, it was recommended that an institution of learning be established near Chicago.

A case of leprosy was reported at the meeting of the Michigan board of health.

* * *

Secretary Foster will leave Washington for Ohio Oct. 20. He is to speak at Findlay Oct. 22, and from that time on will be making speeches under the direction of the Republican state committee.

George Martin of Versailles, Ky., has sued C. W. Williams, owner of Allerton, for $25,000 damages for injuries received by the fall of the grand stand at the Independence, Ia., track recently. Williams is the owner of the track.

Joseph Chohen of Kaukauna, Wis., has obtained a verdict of $5,000 against the Badger Paper company of Appleton, Wis., for the loss of a hand in the Badger mill. He claims that the company set him at dangerous work without proper instructions.

Negotiations have been completed by which the Shoshone and Arapahoe Indians cede to the government 1,100,000 acres of land in Wind River reservation, Wyo., for $600,000. The country is well watered and the soil is rich.

Governor Northen has signed the bill making Labor Day—the first Monday in September of each year—a legal holiday in Georgia.

James Dredge and Sir Henry Wood of the royal commission to represent Great Britain at the World's fair, have prepared a report eulogizing the prospects and arrangements for the fair and urging active participation by the people of Great Britain.

Edward Lessing has been sentenced to one year in the Detroit house of correction for fraudulently obtaining a letter from the postoffice at St. Joseph, Mich.

J. A. Becker committed suicide by hanging at Charles City, Iowa.

The fourth class postmasters of Elkhart county, Indiana, held an animated meeting in which it was decided to present a memorial of their grievances to the postoffice department, chief of which is insufficiency of their emoluments.

The Brotherhood of Railway Trainmen's convention at Galesburg, Ill., has adjourned to meet at Boston in 1893.

Shepard Garvin's 2-year-old son, of Clinton, Iowa, fell into a swill barrel and was drowned.

* * *

The wife of the late William Henry Smith, the leader of the house of commons, will be elevated to the peerage.

Smoking is finding its champions in England, notwithstanding the efforts made to prevent its diffusion in the atmosphere. It is claimed that the carbon in the smoke is a powerful deodorizer, and, as such, is a blessing rather than a nuisance.

It takes 1,000,000 pounds of ink every year to print Uncle Sam's paper money and revenue stamps.

The Arizona territorial legislature at its last session passed an act exempting all land used in the cultivation of sugar beets, as well as the plant and machinery employed in the manufacture of domestic sugar, from taxation for ten years.

The European demand for American-made carts and light vehicles has greatly increased. It has also been found cheaper to send them across without painting, leaving that to be done abroad.

A museum manager offers $2,000 for the capture of the eighty-foot sea serpent recently reported off the Belgian banks.

The dissolution is announced of the partship extending over nearly fifty years between Alvan G and George B. Clark, the famous telescope makers of Cambridge.

Schools at Noblesville, Ind., are closed on account of diptheria.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is a peculiar medicine. It is carefully prepared from Sarsaparilla, Dandelion, Mandrake, Dock, Pipsissewa, Juniper Berries, and other well-known and valuable vegetable remedies, by a peculiar combination, proportion and process, giving to Hood's Sarsaparilla curative power not possessed by other medicines. It effects remarkable cures where other preparations fail.

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Is the best blood purifier before the public. It eradicates every impurity, and cures Scrofula, Salt Rheum, Boils, Pimples, all Humors, Dyspepsia, Biliousness, Sick Headache, Indigestion, General Debility, Catarrh, Rheumatism, Kidney and Liver Complaints, overcomes that tired feeling, creates an appetite, and builds up the system.

Hood's Sarsaparilla

Has met peculiar and unparalleled success at home. Such has become its popularity in Lowell, Mass., where it is made, that whole neighborhoods are taking it at the same time. Lowell druggists sell more of Hood's Sarsaparilla than of all other sarsaparillas or blood purifiers. Sold by druggists. $1; six for $5. Prepared only by C. I. HOOD & CO., Apothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

100 Doses One Dollar

THE CITIZEN.

JOHN F. FINERTY,
CHIEF EDITOR.

Office, McCormick Block, 69 Dearborn-st.

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Communications of a literary nature should be addressed to the editor. All business letters should be addressed to THE CITIZEN Newspaper Company.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 24, 1891.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the principal places of amusement during the coming week:

HOOLEY'S THEATRE.
Randolph-st. between Clark and LaSalle—"The Middleman."

M'VICKER'S THEATRE.
Madison street, between Dearborn and State—Carmencita.

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
Corner Clark and Washington Sts.—"The Tar and Tartar."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
Monroe street, between Clark and Dearborn—"A Parlor Match."

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—"Little Puck."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—Katie Emmet.

HAVLIN'S THEATRE.
Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—Hoyt's "Bunch of Keys."

ALHAMBRA THEATRE.
Corner of State street and Archer avenue.—"The Burglar."

WINDSOR THEATRE.
North Clark and Division streets—Hallen & Hart in "New Later On."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
South Halsted street near Madison.—"Cruisheen Lawn."

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate the common enemy."—*Henry Grattan.*

IMPORTANT.

THE CITIZEN is issued every Friday morning, covering the current week. Persons who desire to have notices of meetings, *etcetera*, published should have their manuscripts in not later than Wednesday at noon. It is useless to try to explain to the lay public the exigencies of a newspaper office in the matter of early "copy," but those interested will please take notice of this instruction.

EVER NOBLE POLAND.

The most noble and touching incident in connection with the obsequies of Charles Stewart Parnell at Glasnevin cemetery was the devotion manifested by Ireland's suffering sister, Poland, in sending by one of her foremost patriots a wreath to deck the bier of the lost leader. Wendell Phillips called Poland "the chevalier of nations," and well, indeed, does the illustrious country deserve that splendid appellation. Poland always had a soul, and, because she had, the materialistic nations crushed her beneath their combined weight. Poland could fight for an idea, whereas her persecutors, the mere tools of kings, could not. The only other European nation that has drawn the sword unselfishly for the benefit of mankind is France. Whatever may be said of French ambition and greed of glory, even her greatest enemies cannot deny that France has been a benefactress of mankind, and particularly of the subject nationalities. France wanted Poland free in 1805, in 1807, and in 1812, but the selfish policy of Napoleon, which ultimately proved his ruin, prevented the re establishment of her independence. Had he taken the advice of Marshal Davout, he would have erected Poland into power on her ancient limits, and, had he done so, Russia would never have driven his frozen, starved and broken legions across the Niemen.

Poland, in spite of Tartar, Hun and Goth, still lives in the gallant hearts of her dauntless sons and daughters. "There is hope for Poland while for Poland there is a life to lose," is as true now as it was in 1795, 1833, 1846 and 1864. The White Eagle is chained, but its beak and talons remain—the beak and talons that the tyrants of Europe have felt so often to their cost. Her day will come yet, as surely as Ireland's, and the spirit that unites the sisters in sorrow above the tomb of him whom the English have termed the Irish Rienzi, cannot die while freedom lives and human hearts are brave.

Oh for a steed, a rushing steed
And dear Poland gathered around,
To smite her circle of savage foes
And smash them upon the ground—
Nor hold my hand while on the land
A foreigner foe is found!

Oh for a steed, a rushing steed
On the Curragh of Kildare,
And Irish squadrons skilled to do
As they are ready to dare:
A hundred yards and England's guards
Drawn up to engage us there!

A telegram from Dublin, dated last Sunday, gives the following account of Poland's presentation:

"A beautiful wreath, to be placed on Parnell's grave, was received in Dublin this morning, having been brought by old Zieminski, the Polish delegate who was sent over by certain of his fellow countrymen to represent them at the funeral. He requested the press to express his great regret that he had been unable to reach Ireland in time for the ceremony. When the news of Parnell's death was published in Warsaw, a number of the representatives of the Polish Nationalists met and deputed Zieminski to proceed to Ireland and convey to the Irish people the deep sympathy of the Nationalists of Poland; and also to lay a floral tribute and the colors of Poland on the grave of the Irish leader. Owing, however, to the objection of the Russian government to allow Irish news to appear in the Polish journals, the exact date of Parnell's funeral was not known in Warsaw before the departure of Zieminski. The wreath of laurel bears the colors of Poland in two great bands of beautiful watered silk of Polish manufacture. It was with great difficulty, the delegate said, that he was able to get the silk streamers, with their inscriptions, beyond the frontier."

In the midst of the misfortunes of our mother country the stately consolation of august Poland goes straight to the Irish heart. May she and Ireland soon 'swell beyond the limits of their chains!"

THE BISHOPS AT VARIANCE.

It is now stated that the Right Rev. Bishop O'Dwyer, of Limerick, who vigorously opposed the plan of campaign, is not in accord with the other members of the Irish hierarchy on the Parnell question. A telegram to the Chicago *Herald*, dated Sunday, says:

"Since the death of the Irish leader the Irish prelates have held two private conferences at Dublin with a view of clearly defining the position of the Catholic church with regard to Irish politics. Several resolutions were suggested, but none was adopted. It is stated on reliable authority that at one of these a vigorous discussion arose, in the course of which Rev. Dr. O'Dwyer, bishop of Limerick, who, though a strong anti Parnellite, refused last spring to sign the bishops' formal pronouncement against Parnell, made a stirring speech protesting against the conduct of his brother prelates, especially Archbishops Walsh and Croke. Dr. O'Dwyer declared that the sanction given by some of the Catholic prelates to the attacks of obscure newspapers upon Parnell's memory was degrading to the Catholic religion. He urged priests in future to confine themselves to religious duties, and threatened to make serious representations to Rome if they did not change their methods."

Dr. O'Dwyer is a very fiery, mercurial Celt, without much of a reputation for consistency. If, however, he expressed himself as reported, THE CITIZEN thanks him for having done a brave act for his country. We pray God, we may be spared the ordeal of having to fight the spiritual heads of Ireland, as a body, in the interests of truth, justice and manhood. We pray the same for our brethren at home. But, if the issue must come; if the hierarchy will insist on repeating their political blunders—to interfere in politics at all is a blunder on their part—on them be the blame. The cause of Ireland—the cause of human liberty—the cause which has the sanction of the teachings of Christ—must not be sacrificed to the political exigencies of Rome any more than the political necessities of England.

ABOUT DILLON FOR LEADER.

It is pleasant to read that Mr. John Dillon, M. P., in his speech at Dungarvan, Ireland, last Sunday, paid fitting tribute to Parnell's memory. He regretted that some foolish or knavish people had sought to incite the populace of Dublin against him, by calling him a murderer and so forth. "He regretted that such devices had debarred him from the funeral of the great and illustrious leader whom he loved more than those loudest in their professions of grief, and who, in spite of the events of the last year, would hand down his name to be remembered in remote generations of Irishmen. He denounced those who are making on a fresh grave a platform of infamous gospel, perpetual hostility, and national dissension. He hoped that the bitter attacks upon Mr. Parnell's memory, such as had been printed by the *Irish Catholic*, which were uncatholic, unchristian, and a disgrace to Irish journalism, would not be repeated. The latter remark created a sensation."

THE CITIZEN has great satisfaction in recognizing the manly tenor of Mr. Dillon's speech, and thinks that it will raise him greatly in the estimation of his people, both at home and abroad. Of all the existing Irish Parliamentary party, of both factions, Mr. Dillon is best known to and most respected by the people of America and of Ireland. His remarks at Dungarvan show that he possesses the mind of a statesman and the heart of a patriot. THE CITIZEN, while not a parliamentary organ or advocate in any sense, thinks that Ireland might go farther and fare worse than recognize Mr Dillon as leader in place of Mr. Parnell—temporarily at least. Union under Mr. McCarthy—a worthy but weak man—is out of the question. Wm. O'Brien is too feminine a character to suit the Irish fancy. Thomas Sexton is able, but, somehow, he does not seem to loom up as a commanding figure. John Redmond is an orator, but he is too bitter in his dislikes, and can not rally sufficient strength around him. His brother, William, is an intense patriot, but his youth is against him. Sir Thomas Grattan Esmonde has disappointed everybody. Thomas Power O'Connor is merely a brilliant journalist and an English Radical. Tim Healy is, at present, another name for the devil in Ireland. He is like a chicken with the gall broken—nice to look at but bitter to the taste. Out of the whole existing party, therefore, John Dillon is the man least objectionable, and about the only one capable of making the whole Irish race respect his authority, in case of his selection. His Dungarvan speech indicates very clearly that, while he is an intense Catholic, he will not be the tool of political bishops.

VOTE FOR MR. CARROLL.

Mr. John M. Carroll is making a lively canvass for the office of county commissioner, and is receiving hearty support from all sections of the people. Mr. Carroll was nominated by the Republican managers as a representative merchant of this city, and, particularly, as a compliment to the Irish-American element. The fine business record of Mr. Carroll is known to all Chicagoans and needs no endorsement from any source. He did not seek the nomination, but, having been placed in the field, he is making a vigorous fight, and every taxpayer in this city will be benefitted by his election. We need such men as John M. Carroll—men in independent circumstances and removed by that fact, as well as by a high sense of personal honor, from all temptation—to represent us in the local, as well as the general, legislative bodies. We have not always, heretofore, been fortunate in making selections, and we sincerely hope that the voters of Chicago, and more particularly the Irish American voters, will do their full duty by placing Mr. Carroll, and men of his calibre, on the Board of County Commissioners.

NOTICE.

Want of space compels us to omit proceedings of Irish American bodies relative to the death of Mr. Parnell in New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Washington, Cincinnati, Denver, St. Louis, Milwaukee, Nashville, Savannah, San Francisco, Portland, Ore.; Portland, Me.; Helena, Mont.; Cheyenne, Wyo.; Pueblo, Col.; Indianapolis, and many other cities. All the resolutions were couched in manly terms and breathed devotion to the cause as well as grief for the national bereavement.

AFTER THE TRAGEDY.

It is a matter of common human experience that the shock resulting from the death of one beloved is more keenly felt after the body is laid in the grave, and the distraction incident to the obsequies leaves the mind a prey to its unbroken reflections. Every relic of the departed—the chair in which he sat, the paths he used to follow, the pictures that he loved, the dishes that he fancied—recalls his personality to the scenes of life and brings the mourner face to face with the terrible reality of an enduring bereavement. So it is now with Ireland, deep in mourning for Charles Stewart Parnell. All that is mortal of him is in a state of return to nothingness, but every landmark of the afflicted nation recalls his memory and enframes him immortally in the hearts of the people.

Those who stood by him through good and evil days have the consolation of duty performed, while those who opposed or slandered him—unless they are unrepentantly vile—must feel the pangs and gnawings of a sharp remorse. Well may it be said of Parnell, as of another, not of his race, stricken in his bloom,

In worthy hearts, sorrow hath made thy tomb;
Thy soul and sprite enrich the heavens above.
Thy liberal heart, embalmed in greatful tears—
Young sighs, sweet sighs, sage sighs bewail thy fall;
Envy hath left her sting and Spite her gall,
Malice herself a mourning garment wears.

"A Member of Parliament," in an editorial correspondence by cable, to the daily press, says, under date of London, Oct. 17:

"Mr. Parnell had been almost as ill before and always rallied, but this time the tall tower was undermined and it fell with a crash. The immense gap occasioned by its disappearance is only just beginning to be realized. The truth is the entire Irish party is more hopelessly adrift than ever. The Parnellites are loud in their cries for revenge, and there has been a wonderful rally to them of the masses in Ireland, who begin to take up the cry that Parnell was first sacrificed for the English party and then worried into the grave. He is the John Brown of Irish politics. His name exercises a magnetic influence over the Irish people. The priests seem to be frightened at the storm. John Dillon has deemed it prudent to keep out of sight, leaving Wm. O'Brien to endeavor to justify his action. McCarthy and O'Connor are presenting their side of the case with great industry, the Parnellites are endeavoring to secure organs in the press, and the whole field resounds with the clash of arms. I hear that Mrs. Parnell intends, if she recovers her health, to write a memoir of the great leader and to relieve him from much of the blame cast upon him on her account. There are, I am assured, two sides to the O'Shea divorce, of which the public has heard only one. Parnell would never condescend to defend himself, especially after he was assailed by Mr. Gladstone. He held that the Irish people ought to have seen that a dead set was made at him because he was England's most formidable antagonist, but Mrs. Parnell is determined that the whole truth shall come out. It will then be seen, as I am informed, that though Parnell was not free from guilt, he was nothing like so guilty as the world has been led to believe. Rumors of this kind were afloat before the trial and I believe some of Parnell's friends who afterwards deserted him put implicit faith in them. Mrs. Parnell will never play into the hands of her husband's enemies. She is a woman of great ability and determination. She is not handsome, but she is winning in appearance and manner and passionately devoted to her late husband. She did her utmost to provide him a happy home during the last few harrassed months of his life. He fled to it as a refuge from the storm, but nothing could restrain his eagerness to set himself right with the Irish people. His wife's name was never mentioned, but his thoughts were never long away from her. His only defense of his conduct was that he had not acted treacherously or broken up a home. If Mrs. Parnell carries out her present purpose this position will be established by facts and documents which do not admit of challenge or disproof."

There is no spirit of exaggeration in the foregoing letter. The Irish people are brought suddenly face to face with the startling fact that they are as "sheep without a shepherd when the snow shuts out sky," as truly as when Owen Roe's relics were laid to rest in the monastery of Cavan. The beautiful poem of Thomas Davis on the death of that gallant chief applies with startling fidelity to the present Irish crisis:

Sagest in the council was he—kindest in the hall,
Sure we never won a battle—'twas Parnell won them all!
Had he lived—had he lived, our dear country had been free;
But he's dead—but he's dead and 'tis slaves we'll ever be.

O'Farrell and Clanrickarde, Preston and Red Hugh,
Audley and MacMahon—ye are valiant, wise and true;
But what—what are ye all to our darling who is gone?
The rudder of our ship was he, our castle's corner-stone!

Wail—wail him through the island. Weep—weep for our pride!
Would that on the battlefield our gallant chief chief had died!
Weep the Tamer of the Saxon—weep him young man and old;
Weep for him, ye women—our beautiful lies cold!

The British and Irish papers, both Whig, Tory and Nationalist, give full credit to the dead leader's genius for statesmanship, while all find more or less fault with his personal peculiarities. Mr. Parnell was, to nearly everybody but his very few intimate friends, an enigma. His manner was generally cold to all outsiders. In his chosen circle he could unbend and become as playful as a child. He was particularly partial to the very young members of his party.

The following brief extracts from different papers will give a good idea of the general feeling relative to the great leader's death in Great Britain and Ireland:

The Dublin *Daily Express* (Tory): "We hope that the opponents of the late leader in the Nationalist party will know how to comport themselves, and that rancorous abuse will give place to the kindlier feelings that death rarely fails to evoke. For, greatly as we believe Mr. Parnell to have erred, baneful in its influence as has been his authority on Irish politics, it assuredly does not lie in the mouth of any Nationalist to reproach the man who re-created nationalism."

The Dublin *Evening Telegraph* (Nationalist) says: "No such thrilling news has ever before been printed in an Irish newspaper, and no Irish journalist was ever called on, in the face of so momentous a sorrow, to try and give feeble, if heartfelt, expression to the thoughts that well in each man's heart. Let us then in, laying this first spray of cypress by the bier of the dead Tribune, ask our readers to join with us in mourning for the loss of one of the most gifted of Ireland's sons, and in thinking only of his glories and of his services to our land."

The Dublin *Evening Mail* (Tory) says: "Now the battle of Home Rule must be fought on its own merits; and so much the better. All the same, every generous heart will lament the tragic career of the Irish Rienzi."

The Dublin *Evening Press* (Nationalist) says: "We can never forget the recent past, but we can dilute the resentments which have outgrown that period by recollecting the times that went before. In the presence of this great demonstration of the fact that no man can be deemed indispensable the general body of Mr. Parnell's followers will throw in their lot manfully with the majority of the people. Over the grave of their leader they will renew their pledges to Ireland, and present to the world one of the most magnificent spectacles of national unanimity the world has ever seen."

The Dublin *Irish Times* (Tory) says: "At the present moment our purposes and wish are to express sincere regret that Mr. Parnell has been thus cut off before he could develop his designs in so far as these included support of the act under which the tenants are to be made owners of their holdings, and as we have believed in consequence prosperous and contented. The mind of all will rest on the last episode of the life of the deceased because of its political effects only. When Mr. Parnell fell into the difficulty which in the end overcame him, there is no reason for saying that he was faithless to his party in their national design. No one has ever accused him of that. His worst personal antagonist never imputed to him any treachery or sacrifice of his associates. Thus, now that he is removed from their midst, they can all join, we should expect, in paying some tribute to his work as formerly it was appreciated by them. This would be a generous and an Irish sentiment, and a line of action which would be to their credit among strangers."

From *United Ireland* (Nationalist): "He fell; yes, fellow countrymen, he fell; but we are not afraid, as Catholics, to say this day—let his enemies revile him as they will—we are not afraid to say for him, as Lucas said for Davis, May the good God forgive him his sins and have mercy on his soul, and reward him for what he has done and meant to do for Ireland. Farewell, our chief, our dear chief! Farewell! Farewell!"

The Cork *Examiner* (Nationalist) says: "No hard word need be spoken, no stone cast at the memory of the man who, whatever his faults, had been for a number of dreary years our foremost champion in the cause of Ireland and Irishmen."

The Belfast *Northern Whig* (Liberal-Unionist) says: "The struggle between Mr. Parnell and the Catholic church is now over. Parnellism cannot very well survive Mr. Parnell. He was himself a strong personality, but his followers were, after all, only his followers. In the ranks of his opponents there is no man to be compared to him, and this is unquestionably the best that can be said of him."

The Belfast *Morning News* (Nationalist) says: "In the face of odds that would have unnerved the most masculine nature, notwithstanding imprisonment and calumny, in spite of the hellish malignity of the Pigott crew of forgers, he showed qualities of the rarest genius, and kept straight ahead, marshalling his forces with a resourcefulness unparalleled in the annals of parliamentary warfare, convincing the foremost and most experienced of statesmen of the century of the justice of our demand, and forcing them to acknowledge that in the solution of the Irish question lay the safety of the empire and the security of the imperial rule."

The Belfast *News-Letter* (Conservative) says: "It would be impossible to say that the dictatorial power which Mr. Parnell once wielded has died with him. It had been transferred before his death to other and more implacable hands—the hands of the Irish priests. The rule of Parnell is now the rule of the priest."

The Newcastle, Eng., *Chronicle* (Liberal-Unionist) says: "There is an energetic minority in Ireland who, while disapproving of Mr. Parnell's conduct as a man, entirely approved of his conduct as a politician. The Independents have no man to take the place of Mr. Parnell, but they are not deficient in young men of ability who, if they like, may prove a source of trouble both to the clerical Nationalists and their Gladstonian allies."

The *South Wales Daily News*, Cardiff (Liberal), says: "It would be equally unfeeling and foolish to observe that Mr. Parnell's death has greatly simplified matters. We do not yet know with any certainty that it has. It must, however, seriously modify the future. No living Parnellite can be even the ghost of Parnell himself."

The Sheffield *Telegraph* (Conservative) says: "The uncrowned king is no more, but his subjects remain with us. Mr. Parnell is dead, but Parnellism and the Parnellites survive. Parnellism was Fenianism under another name—Fenianism with its face veiled, yet none the less Fenian at heart. Mr. Parnell, like Wolfe Tone, had, along with a glacial contempt for his own countrymen, a deep hatred of England and Englishmen. Yet in his case, as in that of Wolfe Tone, even that hatred was mingled with a certain respect for the solid qualities of the race he hungered and thirsted to ignore."

The Huddersfield *Daily Chronicle* (Conservative) says: "What effect Mr. Parnell's death may have upon divided Irish Nationalists can at present be no more than matter of speculation. There certainly seems no man on his own side strong enough to take his place. His party may still make a fight for it, but without him to lead them the priests are certain of an easy victory."

The Northampton *Daily Reporter* (Liberal) says: "The death of Mr. Parnell is tragic in its suddenness, and is one of the most momentous events of the present generation."

The Nottingham *Guardian* (Conservative) says: "The death of Mr. Parnell is one of the most startling incidents recorded for a long period, and cannot fail to have considerable influence on the course of public affairs."

The Bristol *Times and Mirror* (Conservative) says: "It would be hypocritical and absurd for any Unionist journal to express regret at the death of Mr. Parnell who was a consistent enemy of imperial unity, even when he was dissembling most cleverly for the purpose of helping Mr. Gladstone to ignorance on the subject of Home Rule. The probable effect of Mr Parnell's death will be to consolidate the Irish Home Rule party under priestly influence, but it would be foolish to doubt that substantial and permanent advantage will accrue to the Unionist cause."

The Leicester *Daily Post* (Liberal) says: "The death of Mr. Parnell will seal the fate of the Parnellites and Parnellism. The party may die hard, and for a brief period struggle on under the leadership of Mr. Redmond or some other lieutenant. With Mr. Parnell, however, has passed away the only strong and commanding chief who could ever hope to prevent it from speedily tumbling to pieces, and swelling the Nationalist ranks. Both Liberals and Nationalists, accordingly, can well afford to be magnanimous, and emphasise the service of Mr. Parnell to Ireland rather than his lamentable mistake."

The Aberdeen *Free Press* says: "The death of Mr. Parnell will simplify the situation for Mr. Gladstone, and will probably expedite the disintegration of the Irish Home Rulers. Still it may be doubted if the fanaticism of Mr. Dillon and the arrogance of the Irish priesthood will be better for the ex-Premier's policy than the practical sagacity of the author and engineer of the Home Rule movement. In the absence of Mr. Parnell, who, though unscrupulous, was not on practical points an extreme man, there may be greater difficulty than ever in the successful prosecution of the Home Rule scheme."

The Birmingham *Gazette* (Conservative) says: "Mr. Parnell's death is, for the moment, a tremendous stroke of luck for the Gladstonians. There is now nothing in the way of a complete national union. The death of the greatest of Protestant Nationalists leaves priestcraft supreme in the Irish party councils."

The Dundee *Advertiser* (Liberal) says: "Mr. Parnell was admittedly superior to all kinds of bribery, corruption, and cajolery, and was steadfast in the cause of the Irish people which was the real secret of his power."

The Lonnon *Daily News* (Liberal) says: "If Mr. Parnell had died two years ago he would have bequeathed to our modern political history the memory of a career almost unique in the perfection of its triumph. To put it in plain and truthful words, he had fought the whole English parliament for more than a dozen years, and he had triumphed in the end. He had borne down opposition; he had outlived hatred; he had crushed calumny; he had made his enemies his footstool—perhaps no man in a modern parliament had stood in a higher place than he did when on a memorable night after the explosion of the Pigott conspiracy the whole of the benches of the Liberal opposition welcomed him into the house of commons by the upstanding of their occupants. If Mr Parnell's public career could have closed soon after that remarkable scene his record would have been among the most enviable known to our parliamentary history."

The London *Times* (Tory) says: "The death of Mr. Parnell removes from the political stage one of the most remarkable figures of the century. Had it occurred only twelve months earlier we should have had to add that it extinguished one of the most noteworthy forces in contemporaary politics. The events of the last year have, however, shattered an influence which, so far as the Irish Nationalists were concerned, seemed as unassailable as it was powerful, and destroyed a reputation which, in spite of damaging disclosures confirming their own official and avowed knowledge, one of the great parties in the State had agreed to regard as unsullied. He retained an importance difficult to gauge with accuracy, though undoubtedly considerable, but he had lost the unique and commanding position won by his shrewd manipulation of political passions and vices."

The London *Standard* (Tory) says: "In his connection alike with the Land League and afterwards with the National League he conducted himself with marvelous skill, and the coolness of his judgment combined with a certain aloofness and reserve of manner gave him an immense advantage over his impulsive and unrestrained Irish followers at the same time that it procured for him a careful hearing from the house of commons and from English public opinion. Ever and again he let fall some memorable phrase which stimulated his countrymen along their reckless path, but when he next rose in his place in the house he would speak with a moderation that in some minds obliterated the impression of more mischievous and malignant utterances."

The London *Daily Chronicle* says: "We cannot believe that the death of Mr Parnell will have the effect of widening the split in the Irish party as was foreshadowed in an interview which a Press agency had yesterday with one of Mr. Parnell's friends. It seems to us, on the contrary, that one of the first effects of the event will be the closing up of the Irish ranks. Those who have hitherto clung to Mr. Parnell were actuated more by a feeling of personal loyalty than of devotion to any great principle, and we may expect that they will now rejoin their former friends and comrades in the struggle in which they have a common interest."

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

GENERAL NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS AND CONTRIBUTORS.—Write on one side of the paper only. Leave sufficient space between the lines for corrections and changes. Use as few words as possible. Long communications are seldom printed and almost as seldom read.

"J.K.," Nashville—Next week.

"ARTIST," City—Gen. Philip H. Sheridan had brown eyes, almost approaching black. His hair was a very dark brown.

"MILESIAN," City—We never pay any attention to anonymous communications. A man who writes in good faith should always confide his name and address to the editor.

"PARNELLITE," City—THE CITIZEN will give no encouragement to faction or factionists. Let us all shake hands and be friends.

"THADDEUS CLANCY," St. Paul—Not having personal knowledge of the incident we cannot express an arbitrary opinion. It is quite probable that the writer in question has unintentionally wronged Mr. Stephens.

AT a union meeting of the Gaelic Athletic clubs of Chicago, held on Sunday, resolutions of respect to the memory of Charles Stewart Parnell were adopted.

THE English sparrow; the Canada thistle; the Australian ballot—where does America come in? What are we coming to anyhow?

MESSRS. LEONARD WASHBURNE, Frank McCafferty and Fred Henry, of the *Inter-Ocean* staff, killed by a stupid railroad accident at Crete, Ill., were promising young men, and their sad and premature taking off is greatly lamented by all their brethern of the press. Two of them, Washburne and Henry, were only sons. Nothing more shocking than their fate has occurred in the history of Chicago journalism. The deadly unlocked "switch" was the cause of the tragedy. It also caused the death of five persons, and the injury of twenty three at, Monmouth, Ill., on Tuesday night. Limited trains ought to slow up at switches until something can be invented to make such disasters impossible. It is better to lose time than to lose lives. The world will all be after us.

BALFOUR is to be leader of the Tory party in the house of commons, vice W. H. Smith, deceased. He will have an easy time of it now, for Parnell is no more.

MR. PARNELL died intestate. Half of his personal property, and a third of his real estate will go to his widow, who, by the way, is not expected to recover from the shock of her bereavement.

the ladies are allowed to vote, and th the wife differs from her husband in politics, he can always find means to keep his better half from the polls by sending her shopping on election day. A woman may be proof against argument, but she is not proof against the newest thing in hats.

"Weak and weary," describes the condition of many people debilitated by the warm weather, by disease or overwork. Hood's Sarsaparilla is just the medicine needed to build up and strengthen the body, purify and quicken the sluggish blood, and restore the lost appetite.

Veni, Vidi, Vici! This is true of Hall's Hair Renewer, for it is the great conqueror of gray or faded hair, making it look the same even color of youth.

OMAHA IRISHMEN.

Banquet to the Hon. M. V. Gannon, President of the Irish National League of America.

Celebration of the 200th Anniversary of the Treaty of Limerick at Boyd's Opera House.

Banquet to President Gannon.

Over one hundred of the leading citizens, of Omaha, Neb., honored the Hon. M. V. Gannon, President of the Irish National League of America, at a banquet in the Dellone Hotel, on the night of the 13th inst. The chair was occupied by Gov. Boyd, who made an eloquent speech in eulogy of Mr. Gannon, who was, he said, a model citizen of the republic as well as a warm champion of Irish rights. District Attorney Mahoney proposed the toast of "Our Guest," and dealt with it in a most felicitous manner. Mr. Gannon then responded in a ringing speech, which evoked successive rounds of applause. He dwelt upon the cause of human liberty, as represented by the struggles of Ireland during weary centuries, and expressed the belief that, in spite of opposition, national bereavement and the instability of human nature, Ireland would yet, and more speedily than many of even her warmest friends imagined, achieve the great boon of national independence which she sought. He pledged himself to leave no effort untried to further that much wished for consummation on this side of the Atlantic.

"The President of the United States," was responded to by the Hon. Moses P. O'Brien, who did ample justice to the subject.

Mr. T. B. Minihan, in responding to the toast of "Ireland a Nation," outdid even his previous oratorical record, and was rewarded by hearty and long continued applause.

Letters and telegrams of congratulation were received from John J. Fitzgibbon, Patrick Cavanagh, and John F. Finerty, of Chicago; Dr. Thomas O'Reilly, of St. Louis; Hon. A. P. McGuirk, of Davenport, Iowa; W. J. Bryan, of Lincoln, Neb.; M. Flavin, Chicago; R. M. Burns, B. F. Tillinghurst, and D. Maher, of Iowa City.

Among those present were noticed: Gov. J. E. Boyd, Mayor Cushing, Joseph Hayden, J. B. Furay, John F. Coad, Dr. Keogh, Moses P. O'Brien, John P. Sutton, T. J. Mahoney, Constantine J. Smyth, Rev. T. Moriarity, South Omaha, T. B. Minahan, J. Brady, T. A. Dillon, Peter O'Malley, George King, F. A. Brogan, Commissioner O'Keefe, Ed Hayden, Coroner Harrigan, J. V. Mahoney, Sioux City, Ed Moriarty, J. T. Moriarity, Thomas Fitzmaurice, P. C. Heafy, Frank Murray, B. S. Adams, J. Howard, D. Cunningham, Thomas Foley, Terence Mahoney, John Riley, Andrew Murphy, J. C. Brennan, P. J. Tighe, Patrick Duffy, W. F. McWilliams, D. J. Sheely, J. Dowling, B. Gordon, Owen Slaven, William English, T. Tallon, Frank R. Morrissey, P. A. Gavin, David L. Cartan, E. B. Alexander, Thos. O'Brien, Carl Smith, E. Shelby, E. J. Dee, Richard Ebbitt, M. J. Burke, P. A. Begley, Thomas Hoctor, W. Callahan, C. W. Glave, John Groves, J. A. Templeton, S. Keogh, A. Moynihan, C. B. Connor, G. Parks, Thomas Brennan, F. J. McArdle, S. J. Montgomery, P. H. Carey, Jas. Fleming, B. J. Flannery, J. Mulvihill, J. M. Mullen, Felix J. McCarthy, Robert Parks, John O'Grady, J. J. Condon, C. J. Daubach.

The Treaty of Limerick.

The two hundreth anniversary of the signing of the Treaty of Limerick was celebrated by the Irish-Americans of Omaha, Neb., and vicinity on Wednesday evening, Oct. 14. Boyd's new opera house—one of the finest buildings of the kind in the United States—was the scene of the celebration, and it was filled by a patriotic and intellectual audience. Irish and American colors, intertwined, decorated the platform, and a fine military band discoursed the national airs of both nations.

Among those on the platform were noticed Mayor R. C. Cushing, Hon. John E. Boyd, Hon. John M. Thurston, John Groves, Col. D. B. Dailey, of Council Bluffs, Ia.; John P. Sutton, Lincoln, Neb.; Patrick Ryan, Pacific Junction, Ia.; Hon. M. P. O'Brien, James Murphy, P. H. Carey, Thos. A. Dillon, Jeremiah Howard, M. H. Lee, Thos. Fallon, J. F. Daly, Hon. J. J. Breen, John O'Neill, Wm. Downey, Patrick Sheedy, Omaha; and many others.

After vocal and instrumental music by Mrs. O'Neill and Miss Mary Rush, John F. Finerty, of Chicago, was introduced by Mayor Cushing, who presided. Mr. Finerty succinctly reviewed the history of Ireland, and the causes which led to the final surrender of Limerick, when the sway of old, Celtic Ireland terminated, and a new order of things was begun. He dwelt scathingly on the violation of the solemn treaty which guaranteed to the Catholics of Ireland civil and religious liberty and the quiet possession of their property. In the course of his remarks, he said that most people in America imagined that Ireland had no history worth mentioning, whereas her armed attempts to throw off the English yoke under Edward Bruce, Art McMurrough, Hugh O'Neill and Patrick Sarsfield were among the most heroic and creditable in history, and would be as well known to the nations as the history of the great Scotch struggle for independence only for the intervention of the one hundred years of penal laws, after the fall of Limerick, which almost destroyed Irish literature as well as the spirit of the Catholic and Celtic portion of the population. The rising of a few counties in 1798 taught the English what Irishmen were capable of from a military standpoint, if they were only properly armed and ably led. This was one of the reasons why England kept down Ireland's physical strength and why her press rejoiced when the famine of 47, in the words of Meagher, proved her best swordsman, cut down myriads of her peasant foes, and won the battle which her soldiers could not terminate. Mr. Finerty, in conclusion, paid a warm tribute to the memory of Parnell, which was enthusiastically cheered. He also spoke hopefully of the future of Ireland.

Brief but eloquent speeches were made by the Hon. John M. Thurston, John E Boyd, T. J. Mahoney and Congressman McKeegan. The proceedings were further enlivened by the recitations of Miss Stacia Crowley and the splendid singing of Mrs. W. Downey.

Mr. Gannon proposed a set of resolutions which declared Ireland's right to a separate and independent existence, lamented the death of Parnell, urged unity of action, and thanked John F. Finerty for his speech on the occasion. They were adopted unanimously.

It is only fair to say that the inception and successful outcome of the celebration were mainly due to the energetic and patriotic exertions of Mr. Jeremiah Howard, of South Omaha, assisted by Messrs. Lee, Sheehy, Fallon and other gentlemen.

PARNELL MEMORIAL MEETING.

A Gathering of Irish-Americans in Music Hall Honors the Leader's Memory—Mr. Adams' and Mr. Devoy's Remarks.

A Parnell memorial meeting was held in Central Music Hall, this city, last Sunday night. It was well attended by men and women of all shades of opinion, who revere the memory of the great Irish leader now no more. An Irish-American soldier of the Union, Col. R. O'S. Burke, presided. The speech of the night was made by the Rev. Charles J. Adams, of this city, an Episcopal clergyman of remote Irish descent, and a broad and generous lover of liberty. He delivered a splendid discourse and was cheered to the echo. In dealing with the question of clerical interference in politics he said:

"From the individual Christ came the organization of the church with its clergy and bishops, and we must remember that many churches have bishops. The Greek Catholic, the Armenian Catholic, the Episcopal Catholic and the Roman Catholic churches all have bishops. But while honoring and obeying them, bishops must not forget that the laity have rights. And has any bishop the right to down any individual layman or priest? (No, no and cheers.) In this century it must be taught that the individual has rights that even a bishop is bound to and must be compelled to respect. Before the open grave of Parnell I pay all obedience to spiritual superiors but bow before the undaunted faith and heroic individuality of the dead. Who was it that recently brought Ireland to the very door of independence? (Shouts of "Parnell!") Yes, that incomparable man, Parnell. But the individual also has duties and must be faithful to leaders and rightful superiors, and if we Irishmen expect to have a free parliament and national liberty we must submit to leadership. Let us not be O'Brienites or McCarthyites, let us be for our country without regard to men or their creeds. Let us away with factions and be Irishmen ready to suffer for liberty and nationhood and to die for them if necessary. Let us not be Romans but let us be Irishmen and Nationalists. It was a fact that the church was never intended to interfere in politics, and it is a fact that for 300 years it never did. It prayed and wiped away tears, but it let politics alone, and it must do it hereafter in Ireland. When the church produced martyrs and christian heroes there were no politicians among the bishops and priests. The work of the church is to conquer the world, but if it mixes in politics the world will conquer the church."

The applause which shook the rafters of the Music Hall when Mr. Adams had concluded, came mostly from Catholic hands and throats. It was hearty and long sustained. Those cheers proclaimed to the world that Ireland, in the words of O'Connell, will take her religion, but not her politics, from Rome.

The following resolutions were read by Mr. T. P. O'Connor and adopted without a dissenting voice:

Resolved, That we, Irish American citizens of Chicago, in public meeting assembled, deplore the great loss which Ireland has sustained by the death of her most devoted and illustrious son, and as a mark of our esteem for his memory, and of duty to our native land, hereby pledge ourselves anew to the principles for which he struggled, and call upon all Irishmen to preserve them in their heart of hearts and spread and perpetuate them by every legitimate means in their power.

Resolved, That the ideal of Irish nationality handed down to us by our fathers includes control of all Irish affairs, legislative and administrative, and complete civil and religious liberty guaranteed to all Irishmen without distinction of creed; and we warn the Irish people that these principles should be specifically embodied in their platform.

Resolved, That a final settlement of the Irish question will require the united efforts of the whole Irish race, and that to effect a union satisfactory to all it must be based on a clear recognition of Ireland's inalienable right, a policy of independence of all English parties, and the choice of a leader whose character and associations would command the confidence of the Irish race, remove the fears of our Protestant fellow countrymen, and insure respect from all English leaders and people alike.

Resolved, That the time has come when religious differences should no longer be the cause of separating the Irish people politically, or a bar to a union for their common material interests, and, therefore, we regard the recent efforts of the Irish hierarchy to establish ecclesiastical domination in the affairs of Ireland as the most dangerous obstruction to Irish self government.

After some remarks by Mr. William McNally, Mr. John Devoy addressed the meeting, and, as long as he confined himself to the subject before the audience, did well. Unfortunately, however, Mr Devoy, before concluding his remarks, went into considerable ancient history of a personal nature and thus spoiled the effect of his opening sentences. In a meeting called for the purpose of honoring the dead and cementing bonds of brotherhood, personal remarks were out of place and uncalled for. Mr. Devoy is a man of ability, and, in the past, did good service for Ireland; but he cannot conquer his prejudices, nor can he, even yet, begin to understand that the best thing a man can do who wants to air piques and grievances is to hire a hall for himself.

The Nally Testimonial Fund.

The committee of arrangements met at Cline's Hall on Sunday, the 18th inst, with John P. Rogers in the chair. The following contributions were handed in:

Am't previously acknowledged	$296 55	Patrick Manley	50
James Lyons	5 00	John Lowery	50
Martin Glynn	5 00	Roger Kelly	50
Patrick O'Brien	5 00	E. Framby	50
M. J. O'Brien	5 00	John Barnes	50
M. Morrisey	5 00	John Chasby	50
John Powers	5 00	John Drain	50
Thos. Fitzgerald	5 00	Jonn Keefe	50
Richard Gill	5 00	Patrick Lee	50
Wm. May	2 00	E. Murray	50
W. H. Kelly	2 00	Thos. O Shea	50
C. F. Cooke	2 00	J. Nelligan	50
J. J. Snyder	2 00	P. Waters	50
M. J. Kennedy	2 00	J. Teeling	50
Thos. McGonigle	2 00	E. Hanley	50
John Mahoney	2 00	Jas. McGuire	50
J. W. Flynn	2 00	J. H. Lynch	50
W. F. Mahoney	2 00	B. J. Murphy	50
John Cline	2 00	John Deles	50
Patrick Cline	2 00	Thos. Durkin	50
Daniel Cline	1 00	E. Riordan	50
Edward Drury	1 00	Thos. Reynolds	50
J. E. Long	1 00	Jas. Brennan	50
Tim McCarthy	1 00	M. Doyle	50
F. McCarthy	1 00	John Moriarty	50
Thos. Sheean	1 00	W. O'Donnell	50
John Sheilds	1 00	J. S. Maloney	50
Peter Egan	1 00	Patrick Lane	50
Anthony Egan	1 00	R. Clerk	50
P. Kennedy	1 00	P. McMahon	50
A. Doyle	1 00	Owen Farley	50
D. Kane	1 00	M. Hickey	50
John Carroll	1 00	Jas. Walshe	50
P. J. Doherty	1 00	S. Sheehy	50
Thos. Quinn	1 00	J. J. Dowd	50
Jas. Doherty	1 00	J. McGranahan	50
M. K. Jordan	1 00	John Mulkeen	50
John Dowling	1 00	Joseph King	50
S. A. McGlade	50	Jas. A. Curry	50
Thos. Gallagher	50	D. J. McEnery	50
P. McGloughlin	50	M. Downey	50
Wm. McGann	50	Maurice Geary	50
D. McCormack	50	Jas. Morrisy	50
M. Geelin	50		
		Total Amt	$403 60

It was concluded by the committee that the fund close on Sunday nex', Oct. 25, and that all friends, and particularly those holding subscription books, be sure to have the same returned on Sunday next without fail. The total fund will be remitted to the committee in Ireland on or about the 1st day of November. All subscriptions between the 25th and 31st of October will be regularly acknowledged through THE CITIZEN. Meeting at the same place on Sunday, the 25th inst., at 3 p. m.

JAMES McLOUGHLIN, JOHN ANSBRO, } Secs

Nebraska's Adventure With Wolves.

[*Founded on Fact.*]

Once Nebraska had been to visit at their neighbor's, and started for home when it was nearly dark; but as it was a moonlight night she did not feel lonely and had just thought, "What a lovely evening for ride!" when she heard pattering steps. Looking around, she saw two wolves stealthily following. She urged her pony to his greatest speed, and tried to think out what she should do, for she was by this time only half way home, and seven miles from the nearest house.

She kept perfectly still because she knew that if she screamed before she was attacked, although it would scare the animals away for a time, they would return, and would soon get used to the noise and not be frightened by it. She felt certain so few of them would not dare attack her, for wolves are very cowardly, but she also knew that they would summon the rest of the pack almost instantly.

The wolves were now in full pursuit, and she, glancing back, saw there were three. She was alarmed indeed now, and as they were gaining on her every minute, she knew something must be done if she was to reach home alive. She knew the wolves would not long hesitate to attack her, for there was quite a large pack of them gathering. Her pony, too, sniffed danger, and the next instant, before she comprehended what he was going to do, he had turned and sprung right into the midst of the snarling pack, pawing and kicking right and left!

He had not forgotten his wild habits, nor how he had many times saved himself from the ferocious animals. And now his bravery stood his mistress in good stead, for as his feet came down on the wolves fierce yelps showed that he was not dealing gentle taps. In a few seconds there were four stretched dead on the ground, and the others had fled.

The young rider had thought, as soon as she knew what he was going to do, that she was safe if she could keep on his back, and this required all her strength and skill. When the pack were gone she looked down at the dead bodies, and shuddered as she thought of her narrow escape. With no injuries and only a few anxious minutes, she had secured four dead wolves, worth more than fifty dollars.

She dismounted and slung them over Pawnee's back and then galloped home.

No need of saying that her father and mother were surprised to see her come up to the door and exhibit triumphantly four slain wolves!

After his glorious exploit, the pony was more petted than before. Did he not deserve it?—*Kate M. Putney, in St. Nicholas for October.*

As THE time for the Columbian Exposition approaches, the interest in Chicago, the great city of the World's Fair, increases. The *Cosmopolitan* for November gives up twenty seven pages to a very full descriptive article by Capt. Charles King. The article is illustrated with twenty-seven sketches from the pens of the two most famous artists in the line of architectural work in this country—Harry Fenn and A. F. Jacassy. It contains an immense amount of information regarding the city, and will serve as a guide to those who are looking forward to a visit to the exposition.

Map of the United States.

A large, handsome map of the United States, mounted, and suitable for office or home use, is issued by the Burlington Route. Copies will be mailed to any address on receipt of twelve cents in postage by P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

Cheap Excursion Rates via Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway.

The Chicago, St. Paul & Kansas City Railway announces a Harvest Excursion at greatly reduced rates to principal points in the West, Northwest, Southwest and South, on Sept. 29, tickets good for thirty days and covering the greatest variety of routes. For rates, maps and other information pertaining to this popular route call on or address any ticket agent.

T. Shea, Merchant Tailor

No. 184 East Madison street, fine custom suits at reasonable prices; also uniforms for all organizations.

A SONNET

On the Death of Charles Stewart Parnell.

Weep, Ireland, weep! Thy hero is no more.
For ever silent is the truthful tongue
Of him upon whose accents millions hung
Enraptured as they ne'er had been before.
Cast in the noblest mould of days of yore,
He faced thy foes whose fathers from thee wrung
Those sacred rights to which thy hopes have clung—
He strove for thee to open Freedom's door.
Now, dastard Envy, from his presence flee,
In sackcloth and in ashes hide thy head:
When purged from guilt, come with sweet sympathy,
By meek repentance and by sorrow led:
Mayhap, thy sin will then forgotten be
By those who mourn a noble hero dead.

PATRICK MARTIN KING.

San Francisco, Cal., Oct. 7.

IRISH NEWS.

TENANTS SURRENDER.

The tenants on the Clarke estate between Nenagh and Berrisokane, who joined the plan of campaign and paid no rent for seven years, have arranged satisfactorily with their landlord. They originally demanded an abatement, which was refused, but the landlord has now practically conceded their claims by accepting four years' rent, giving time for payment of another year's rent, and wiping out two years' rent altogetner. The settlement is considered satisfactory on all sides.

EVICTED

An eviction took place recently on the estate of the Hon. A. E. Harris near Stewartstown. A bailiff, accompanied by two emergencymen, visited the townland of Aughagalla and evicted J. Corry, who held a farm there containing about sixteen acres. The eviction was for nonpayment of rent. Corry has eight children, the eldest of whom is about 16 years of age.

MR. HARRISON, M P.

The Central News says: "With reference to the published statement that he had met with an accident while shooting over Mr. Parnell's estate, Mr. Henry Harrison, M. P., telegraphs from Eastbourne to the Central News, 'Have not been in Ireland for nearly a month. Statement in probably refers to slight accident resulting from defective mechanism of a pistol. Redmond neither hurt nor endangered.'"

LARGE TAKE OF MACKEREL.

The capture of mackerel at Dunmanus Bay is something enormous, no less than 90 000 being landed one day and upwards of 40,000 another. Owing to the lack of accommodation and the absence of buyers a great quantity of them had to be converted into manure. Curing stations have been established at Baltimore, Castletownsend, and Union Hall. The price paid at present varies from 7s to 10s per 100, and the fish are of an exceptionally small description, but sound and palatable.

VISITING IRELAND.

The Most Rev. Dr. McGoldrich, bishop of Duluth, Minn., U S A, has just paid a visit to Kilkenny. Dr. McGoldrich is an Irishman, being a native of Borrisokane, county Tipperary. He was educated at All Hallows college, Dublin, and ordained some seventy five years ago, when he emigrated to America, and began his life of labor under Archbishop Ireland. Two years ago Father M'Goldrich was elevated to the episcopal dignity. His present visit to Ireland is with the view of procuring clerical students for the American mission and young ladies for the religious life, in which he has been eminently successful.

A COOLGREANY PRISONER VISITED.

Patrick Doyle of Goroy, and P. J. M'Call of Dublin recently visited T. J. Doyle at Dundalk jail, who is a brother of the former gentleman. Mr. Doyle is the last of the Coolgreany prisoners, and is serving a twelve months' sentence—the others receiving a lighter sentence (six months), and were consequently released in June. The visitors found the prisoner in good health and spirits, though the imprisonment has told somewhat upon him. He will be released next December, when his friends will give him a hearty reception.

CLAIMANT TO A VAST IRISH ESTATE.

An Irish paper says: "Latest American mail advices, received from New York, contain a dispatch from Buffalo dated the 15th ult., to the effect that Mrs. William Morrison, of Buffalo, expects soon to come to Ireland. Her late husband was the grandson of Vogil Morrison, of Killala, Ireland, who possessed vast estates in this country. The property consists of houses and real estate in Killala, Woodville, Dublin, and other places, besides a large amount of money which has been drawing interest for the post fifty years. Advices recently received from friends in Ireland, it is stated, go to prove that Mrs. Morrison is now the legal owner of those large properties. A castle near Dublin is said to be part of the estate, which is valued at £350,000."

SAD DROWNING CASE.

While a boat from Kinvara was leaving the Galway dock recently, one of the occupants, Thomas Lynch, aged 19, insisted on going ashore again. He was ascending by a rope, the tide being low at the time, and let loose his hold, falling back into the water, and was drowned. His body was not recovered till next morning.

A LEGACY.

Mrs Margaret Hall, of Limerick, wife of Capt. John Hall, was left a legacy of £3,000 by her father in law, Capt. Hall, who died recently in Newcastle-on-Tyne. THE CITIZEN, is glad to note this flow of capital in the right direction, as Mrs. Hall has very wisely invested it at home.

THE IRISH PIG CROP.

According to the latest returns the number of pigs in Ireland has decreased by 203 590, the total now being 1,367,776 against 1 5,70 336 last year. There is, however, compensation in the fact that every other variety of live stock has increased. The low and unremunerative prices of bacon pigs that have prevailed for some time past has told on the number of that class of stock in in Ireland. It appears, too, that foreign competition has obliged bacon curers to lower their prices to the consumer. In London the fall in Irish bacon has been 6s per cwt., a further decline being made for foreign imports. Fifty two shillings per cwt. was quoted as the top price paid at Limerick a few days ago. Now it is down to 46s; and it looks as if the settled state of the market will cause a still further downward tendency in prices.

CHANGES IN GALWAY ARCHDIOCESE.

His Grace, Archbishop McEvilly, has made the following additional changes in the archdiocese: Rev. Anthony Waters, C C, Belcarra, to Turlough; Rev. Andrew Judge, C C, Clifden, to St. Jarlath's College, Tuam; Rev. James Ryan, C C, Kilmaine, to Bekan; Rev Michael McHugh, C C, to be Adm., Bekan; Rev. Murtagh Farragher, C.C., Arran Islands, to Donoughpatrick; Rev. Edward D'Alton, C.C., Abbeyknockmoy, to Kilmaine; Rev. John Greally, St Jarlath's College, Tuam, to be C.C., Arran Islands; Rev. Peter Varden, Maynooth College, to be C. C., Achill; Rev. Denis Greaney, Irish College, Paris, to be C.C., Balla, county Mayo.

SUDDEEN DEATH

Mrs. O'Brien, wife of Mr. John O'Brien, tobacconist, and daughter of Mr. William Sheehan, cattle dealer, died rather suddenly in Limerick recently.

WASTE IN IRELAND

It is sad indeed to hear of 60 000 mackerel being thrown upon the fields as manure. This happened one day last week at Dunmanus' Bay, on the west coast of Cork. It is useless to advance money to fishermen for the purchase of boats and nets, if there are no means either of getting away the catch when it is brought into port, or of salting it down, or otherwise preserving it. In London, mackerel are selling for sixpence or eightpence each; in Ireland, they are wasted as manure. At Baltimore, there are American and local buyers, and there the fish sell at from 8s to 10s per hundred. If it pays Americans to come over to Ireland to buy and cure fish for carriage to the United States, surely it would pay Englishmen to establish curing places at ports like Dunmanus' Bay, and to bring between 10s per hundred and sixpence each must afford an ample margin for profits. Light railways have already been constructed to some of the ports on the west coast of Ireland, where they were most needed, but even this is hardly sufficient to enable the fishermen to reap a fair price for their harvest. Mackerel are fish that should, of all others, be eaten fresh, and they need careful carriage. Such catches as are at present being made in Ireland would hardly find customers near at hand. The course taken by the American buyers is the one to be followed. With numerous curing establishments, and with abundant supply of barrels and salt at their ports, the adoption of such a course would open a new era for Irish fishermen.—*London Standard.*

ATHLETIC NEWS AND NOTES.

Base Ball.

CHICAGO CITY LEAGUE.

Following is the standing of the City League clubs up to date:

	Games played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
Whitings	23	15	8	.652
Garden Citys	24	13	11	.542
Rivals	23	12	11	.522
West Ends	24	11	13	.458
Franklins	24	11	13	.458
Brands	24	9	15	.374

The games last Sunday resulted as follows: Whitings 10, Garden Citys 1 Whitings 20, Garden Citys 4. Rivals 6, West Ends 4. Rivals 10, West Ends 6. Franklins 3, Brands 6. Franklins 11, Brands 8.

The great Dr. Boerhaave left three directions for preserving the health—keep the feet warm, the head cool, and the bowels open. Had he practiced in our day, he might have added: and purify the blood with Ayer's Sarsaparilla; for he certainly would consider it the best.

$100 Reward. $100.

The readers of THE CITIZEN will be pleased to learn that there is at least one dreaded disease that science has been able to cure in all its stages, and that is Catarrh. Hall's Catarrh Cure is the only positive cure now known to the medical fraternity. Catarrh being a constitutional disease, requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system, thereby destroying the foundation of the disease, and giving the patient strength by building up the constitution and assisting nature in doing its work. The proprietors have so much faith in its curative powers that they offer One Hundred Dollars for any case that it fails to cure. Send for list of testimonials Address F. J. CHENEY & Co, Toledo, O.

Sold by Druggists, 75c.

A New Firm.

The firm of Flynn & Griffin began business today, Oct. 24, at No. 390 West Twelfth street. Both proprietors are young men of industry and spirit, and will keep nothing but the best of goods. They invite all their friends to give them a call.

A Money Maker.

It is so hard to get employment now and so hard to make money, that I know others would like to know how they can make a little money, as I have done. Tell your subscribers they can get all the jewelry, table-ware, knives, forks and spoons they can plate, and make $25 a week. The plating outfit costs $5. I bought mine from H. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio. It plates gold, silver and nickel. I did $4 70 worth of plating the first day. The work is done so nicely that every body seeing it wants work done. This machine is the greatest money maker I ever saw. Why should any one be out of employment or out of money, when they can, by using my experience, always have money in the house and have a little to spend too? Any one can get circulars by addressing H. F. Delno & Co., Columbus, Ohio. K. JARRETT.

THE finest shooting grounds in the Northwest are on the tributary to the lines of the Chicago, Milwaukee & St. Paul Railway. The crop of prairie chickens will be exceptionally good this year; also ducks and geese. In Northern Wisconsin and the Peninsula of Michigan splendid deer shooting is to be had. Full information furnished free. Address GEORGE H. HEAFFORD, General Passenger Agent, Chicago, Ill.

To Denver via Burlington Route.

Only one night on the road. Leave Chicago at 1:00 p. m., or St. Louis at 8:25 a. m., and arrive at Denver at 6:15 p. m. the next day. Through Sleepers, Chair Cars and Dining Cars. All Railways from the East connect with these trains and with similar trains via Burlington Route to Denver, leaving Chicago at 6:10 p. m., St. Louis at 8:15 p. m., and Peoria at 3:25 p. m., and 8:00 p. m. All trains daily. Additional express trains, making as quick time as those of any other road, from Chicago, St. Louis and Peoria to St. Paul, Minneapolis, Council Bluffs, Omaha, Cheyenne, Black Hills, Atchison, Kansas City, Houston and all points west, northwest and southwest.

Vapor Poison and its Antidote.

The morning and evening mists that pervade the atmosphere of malarious localities cannot be breathed with impunity. A safeguard is needed to render harmless the dangerous miasmata with which they are impregnated. The surest safest, defense is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters. It is an antidote to the poison which has already been inhaled and borne fruit, an adequate preventive of its harmful effects. No preparative for breathers of miasma tainted air or drinkers of malaria poisoned water like the Bitters. It completely neutralizes the otherwise irresistible onset of the arial foe. Settlers on newly cleared land, excavators of canal routes (notably that on the Isthmus of Panama), western pioneers and emigrants—in short, all subjected to malarial influences in air or water find in it a benign remedy, an effectual safeguard. Disorders of the stomach, liver and bowels, "la grippe," rheumatism and kidney complaints are remedied by the Bitters.

Playing Cards.

You can obtain a pack of best quality playing cards by sending fifteen cents in postage to P. S. Eustis, Gen'l Pass. Agent, C., B. & Q. R. R., Chicago, Ill.

Something Interesting to Every Family

It is a fact well known to economists that more money is squandered in baking bread in a year than would pay half the rent. When you count up the cost of flour and its waste, fuel and other ingredients, families will soon discover that it is losing money. Families of workingmen will find it much cheaper to go to your grocer and buy Bremner's "Eureka" Bread. This bread is made from the very best Minnesota flour and pure milk from his own farm. Special attention is given to the bread ordinance, and every loaf has its full weight, and at the cost of six cents per loaf

Consumption Cured.

An old physician, retired from practice, had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all Throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints. Having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, and desiring to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge to all who wish it, this recipe in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing, with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, 820 *Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.*

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Grocers.

HORGAN, WILLIAM,
Dealer in
Teas, Wines and Liquors.
44 & 46 Canalport avenue, Chicago.
Choice Butter a Specialty. All Goods Warranted.

O'BRIEN, P.
Dealer in Staple and Fancy
Groceries and Ship Supplies.
Best Brands of Flour. Choice Butter a Specialty. Glass and Crockery Ware.
349 W. Harrison street.
Orders called for and delivered Free of Charge.

O'DONOHUE, J. J.
Dealer in Fancy
Groceries, Wines, Liquors and Cigars.
Headquarters for Imported Dilisk.
113 Erie-st., corner Market, Chicago.

Tailors and Drapers.

JAMES CUSHING,
The Artistic and Reliable
Merchant Tailor and Draper,
No. 208 South Halsted-st., near VanBuren.
A Perfect Fit Guaranteed.

Furniture.

SMYTH, JOHN M.,
Dealer in
Household Goods,
Pianos and Organs,
136 West Madison street,
Near Halsted.

Coal and Wood.

O'DONNELL BRO'S,
Dealers in
All kinds of Hard and Soft Coal,
Coke and Wood, of the Best Qualities.
Hickory Wood, sawed stove lengths, $6 per cord delivered.
Office and Yard
808 West Taylor street, between Halsted street and Blue Island avenue.

Attorneys.

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Chicago.

JOHN W. WALSH,
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609 Opera House Building,
Chicago, Ill.

JAMES O'CONNELL,
Attorney-at-Law,
Suite 916, Chicago Opera House Block,
112 Clark-st., Chicago. Telephone 982.

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Furniture, Stoves,

Carpets and Parlor Goods.

HENRY STUCKART,

2517 and 2519 ARCHER AV.

FOR A CLASS REUNION.

We are as figures on a monster dial,
The long hands of Time go round and round;
At each circle, without let or trial,
Some figures vanish, and the ground
Whereon they stood is pallid, empty white,
Void as the space it on the Summer night
Where she fell a star into the profound.

So one by one [illegible], and yet Time's hand
Shall sweep [illegible] not one shall stand;
But yet there [illegible] of the night:
We leave [illegible] white.
—W. J. Ho[illegible] New York Times.

A MYSTERY OF THE MIND.

I landed in S[illegible]ton on the 11th of November, 1872. It was late of a Saturday afternoon and by the time my baggage was at the railway station there was barely time to catch the last train to London. A few hours later I was in my room at the Westminster Palace hotel, for it was of course much too late to think of hunting up Madelaine. I must wait until the next day.

I passed a restless night, for I could not rid my mind of a misgiving that had been weighing upon it for several weeks past. This misgiving was none the less oppressive because it was not founded upon what could be called a fact. Facts are by no means always the most persuasive part of experience, and a conviction may be none the less a conviction because it is impossible to furnish a matter of fact reason for it.

I had been away from England four years in all. Most of this time had been passed in New Zealand, as editor and, finally, as proprietor of a newspaper there. I had partly made up my mind to settle there and have Madelaine come out and join me, or perhaps to return and be married to her in London and take her back with me. But when her letter came, informing me that she was "not very well," I formed a sudden determination to sell the paper and return for good and all. It was not so much what she said as a certain depressed tone apparent throughout her letter that impelled me to this step.

The letter had reached me on the last day of July. I made my arrangements promptly, and succeeded in disposing of my newspaper on favorable terms. I then wrote to her that I was coming, and a few weeks afterward I embarked. The idea of returning home in comparatively prosperous circumstances to marry the woman I had loved so long filled me with happiness, and during the early part of the voyage I was in excellent spirits. Then came the mystery; and from its effects I had suffered ever since.

No doubt the situation, in other respects, did not call for anxiety. Madelaine, like myself, was an orphan, but I believed her to be in good hands. Mrs. Trench, the executrix of the will and the girl's guardian, had a good business head, great force of character, and was in all respects an uncommon woman. She was a widow, and for years had conducted her late husband's business in a masterly manner, paying off one by one the heavy debts which had been contracted and establishing it upon a paying basis. She was a second cousin of Madelaine's, and the girl and her £20,000 could not have been left in safer or more capable hands. I had gone abroad completely at ease on that score. All the same I was very ill at ease now.

When I looked out from the window of my hotel room that Sunday morning I was confronted by a dense and dark London fog. My watch told me that it was 8 in the morning, but it might have been that hour in the evening, for all the daylight there was. I dressed and went down stairs, and by 9 o'clock I was in a hansom, on my way to Courtfield gardens, Earlscourt, where Mrs. Trench and Madelaine lived. The distance was not great, but the fog was so bewildering that we were nearly an hour in reaching the place. At last the cabby drew up in front of the house, and I jumped out and ran up the steps. I was very much excited, but I tried to fight down all dark thoughts, and the anticipation of seeing Madelaine once more sent the blood tingling through my body.

A servant opened the door and stared at me inquiringly. I asked whether Mrs. Trench was at home. The girl replied that no such person lived there. Miss Madelaine, then? The girl shook her head. "It's Mrs. Forbes' family lives here, sir," she said. And she added, in response to my startled inquiries, that they had been in possession not much over a month.

I demanded to see Mr. Forbes, who turned out to be a portly and respectable British merchant; but he could give me little available information. He had only seen Mrs. Trench once; of Madelaine he knew nothing. The negotiations had been conducted through the house agent. I obtained the address of the latter, and returned to my hotel in a very unenviable frame of mind indeed. Being Sunday, I was forced to remain inactive till the next day. I now felt sure that Madelaine was dead. But how did she die? And why had Mrs. Trench, who knew I was coming home, left no trace or clew for me to find her? It had an ugly look.

Next morning the fog still continued, but I was at the house agent's office almost as soon as it opened. Here, too, my investigations were far from reassuring. The agent had never seen Mrs. Trench at all. A gentleman had called on him and transacted the business on Mrs. Trench's behalf. This gentleman had not given his name, but was described to me as a tall, slender personage, with a dark beard and eyeglasses. More he could not tell me.

From the agency I drove to Mrs. Trench's place of business, in Leadenhall street. I did not expect to find her there, but I could scarcely fail to learn her whereabouts. To my astonishment I found the store in the hands of strangers. Trench & Co. had made an assignment nearly a year before, paying eight shillings on the pound. No one knew where Mrs. Trench was, nor could any one give me the least information about Madelaine.

I was now not only thoroughly alarmed, but also thoroughly aroused. Evidently there was some black secret here. I would fathom it at whatever cost. Who was the black bearded man and what were his relations with Mrs. Trench?

A hundred doubts and questions assailed my mind. The assignment was another ominous feature; for I remembered, with a new shock of apprehension, that in case of Madelaine's dying unmarried, her property would fall within Mrs. Trench's reach; the exercises of a few legal subterfuges would enable her to get possession of it. If there had been a crime, here was a motive. But was Mrs. Trench capable of a crime? Why not? I knew her as a woman of untiring energy and indomitable purpose. She had shown these traits in rehabilitating her husband's business; but, if an evil end instead of a good one were in view, why should not the same qualities find exercise in that direction? I could give no reason why not.

In order to be prepared as far as possible for the worst, I went to the registry of deaths and consulted it for the name of Madelaine Tredwick. It was not there—reckoning from the date of her last letter to me. This was so much to the good. Of course, she might have died elsewhere, or she might have met a fate to which death would be preferable; but, on the other hand, all might not be so bad as I feared. To be able to hope was at least something.

This brought me to Monday evening, and I went back to my hotel and slept heavily till morning, for I needed sleep. When I awoke there was an unwonted light in the room, which faced the east. I looked out, and for the first time since my arrival in London saw the sunshine. The fog had withdrawn its hideous shadow for the present. With that unreasoning sympathy which the weather often arouses in the mind, I felt my own mood brighten. If Madelaine were alive, I would find her yet. But that "if" was terrible.

The first person I saw as I came down the steps of the hotel after breakfast was Robert Heath, my classmate at Oxford, and formerly my intimate friend. He was a barrister by profession and a good fellow down to the soles of his boots. I called to him; he turned, recognized me, and a broad smile of pleasure and surprise illuminated his honest visage. He grasped my hand, asking a score of questions, and welcoming me back to England with word, tone and look. As I talked to him all my old feeling of trust and affection came back to me. This was the friend I needed; not so much for whatever practical help he might afford as for the encouragement and consolation of his presence and sympathy. After we had stood awhile, I asked him which way he was going. He answered that he was bound across Hyde park and on through Maida Vale to call on a client in Carleton road. "And being a fine day," he added, "I started early and was going to foot it. But if you'll come with me we'll take a cab."

"A walk is just what I need," I replied; "and there's something I want to talk to you about." So off we started, and, as we tramped along, I unfolded to him the whole story of my fears and purposes. He listened attentively and seriously. When I had finished he considered for awhile, and then said: "It certainly looks rather fishy. But"——

He never finished the sentence. We had by this time nearly reached the end of Maida Vale, and had turned to the left down Carleton road. The houses in this region were detached, each standing in its own inclosure, protected by high brick walls. I saw a cab drive up to one of these houses and a lady in a black dress alight and ring the gate bell. Though I was fifty paces off, I recognized Mrs. Trench immediately. She did not see me, and in another moment the gate was opened, and she disappeared within. "Did you see that?" I exclaimed, grasping my companion's arm. "That is she!"

"Mrs. Trench? That's odd! And the house she went into is my client's!"

"Who is he?"

"His name is Glenn—Dr. Glenn; the house is a private lunatic asylum."

"Good God, Bob! May not that be the solution of the mystery? Suppose Madelaine were"— I could not finish the sentence.

"To tell you the truth," replied Heath, "I was thinking of something of the kind when you interrupted me. People are still sometimes disposed of in that manner when circumstances demand it. And, by the way, it was about some question of transferrence of property that I was going to see Glenn. There is something about the affair I didn't quite like the looks of, and I intended, in case he failed to make satisfactory explanations, to refuse to have anything to do with it."

The idea that Madelaine might be at that moment confined with lunatics within a few yards of where we were standing put me almost out of my self control, and I was for taking summary measures on the spot. Heath endeavored to moderate my impetuosity by reminding me that, first, Madelaine might not be there; and, secondly, that the law was able to free her, if wrongfully confined, better than any violence on my part could do it. "Let us do this," he said finally; "we will go in together, as Mr. Heath and friend. In that way we can gain admittance to the house. Mrs. Trench does not appear unless called for, and Glenn does not know you by sight. Then we'll find some means of determining whether the young lady is in the house, and proceed accordingly."

For answer I pulled the bell. The gate—an iron barred door, boarded behind and painted a dark green—was opened by a man servant, who, on seeing Heath, at once admitted him and his "friend," closing the gate after us. But as I was preparing to ascend the steps, I stopped short with a startled exclamation. The steps, with the oddly shaped foot scraper at the top; the brown door with yellow moldings and a brass knocker in the form of a dog's head; the square front of the house, with its five windows protected by light but strong iron gratings; the two fantastically trimmed yew trees on either side of the entrance—all these things I certainly looked on now for the first time in my life; and yet they were as familiar to me as my own face in the looking glass.

I could not explain this to Heath, for it was a part of the "mystery" to which I have already alluded, and which I had omitted in the account of my affairs that I had given him. It is enough to say here that it removed the last shadow of doubt from my mind as to Madelaine's being in that house. The conviction, instead of increasing my agitation, made me suddenly quiet and composed. I felt that the power had come into my hands and that I should know how to use it.

After a momentary pause I followed Heath up the steps and entered the house. We were shown into a large room on the left. At the further end of this room was another door, and almost immediately it was opened by a tall, dark bearded man, with eyeglasses—the man described to me by the house agent and known to Heath as Dr. Glenn. He advanced and greeted Heath with a courteous smile and bowed to me inquiringly. He introduced me as a professional colleague of his advising him in the case. "We may talk without reserve," he added.

He and the doctor then began a conversation to which I did not listen. I could only think of Madelaine being in the same house with me. In what room? The door by which we had entered had not been wholly closed; it was ajar about a quarter of an inch. I fancied I detected a low, irregular sound, like distant voices speaking somewhere on the other side. Under pretense of examining an engraving that hung near the door, I moved over there. Yes, there were voices, apparently in a room upstairs. Suddenly they grew louder, as if the speakers had emerged into the hall, and then I knew Madelaine's voice.

Without a moment's hesitation I threw open the door and stepped across the threshold. In a loud but composed tone I said: "Madelaine, come down! I am here!"

There was a piercing scream; a quick rush above; a breathless struggle; but I had half mounted the stair and caught a glimpse of the dearest face to me on earth, white, haggard, with great black eyes full of love, terror and eagerness. The woman in black had seized her by one arm, but she relinquished her hold on seeing me. In another instant I was holding my girl against my heart, and she fainted there. And there below stood Robert Heath, like a rock, motioning back the doctor. "This will be a very awkward business for you at best, Dr. Glenn," I heard him say. "You'd better let it stay where it is!"

It proved to be an awkward business, indeed, for the doctor and Mrs. Trench. But I will not enter into the details of their discomfiture, nor of the story of how they had conspired together to defraud Madelaine of her fortune. Mrs. Trench had, it seems, conceived a passion for the doctor, and had determined to marry him; but about the same time she had met with a series of reverses in business, culminating in bankruptcy; and as the doctor stipulated for a dowry she had conceived the idea of robbing Madelaine. By secretly drugging her she succeeded in making the poor girl delirious, and while in that condition two physicians were found to certify to her insanity. Once imprisoned in Glenn's asylum her death would only be a question of time—and of no very long time either. But when Madelaine, in telling the story afterward, came to the point where she had been carried in a cab to the doctor's door, not knowing whither she was going, I stopped her and said, "What day was that?" She replied that it was on Friday, the 13th of October, at about half past 8 in the morning.

"Now, listen to this," I said. "I have told it to no one else. I came from New Zealand by way of the Isthmus of Panama. When we were within a few days' sail of Panama, and 5 degs. north of the line, we had a stormy night, and I was on deck until after midnight. Toward 1 o'clock in the morning I went below and into my stateroom. I threw off my oilskins and lay down on my berth with most of my clothes on, for I did not know but that the storm might grow worse. As I lay there in the dark, listening to the waves against the sides of the vessel, and the creaking of the timbers, and wondering whether I should ever see England and you again, all at once the end of the room seemed to grow light, and then to fade away, and I saw the front yard of a house, with five windows with light iron gratings, a brown door with a brass knocker like a dog's head, a couple of yews on either side, a flight of seven stone steps up to the door, and a peculiar foot scraper. The yard was inclosed by a high brick wall, with a green door into the street. I saw this door open, and you came in, with a man and a woman leading you. The door was closed behind you, and then, as you looked up at the grated windows you became frightened and began to struggle and cry out. But the man and the woman, whose faces I could not see, dragged you on and up the steps. You continued to struggle, and just before they forced you into the house you turned half around and called my name in a piercing voice three times—'Richard! Richard! Richard!' Then the door closed and you were gone; and at the same moment my stateroom was dark again. I had been half sitting up in bed, and now I got out and struck a match and looked at my watch. It was five minutes past 1 in the morning; and it was Friday, October the 13th! Now, what do you think of that?"

"Why, Richard, that was exactly what happened. I was dragged in there, and I did call you, and, oh! my soul went out to you! And it was the same day, too—only it was half past 8 instead of 1"——

"Half past 8 in London is five minutes past 1 in the longitude we were in at that time," said I. "I calculated it out the next day and wrote the whole thing down. Here it is!" and I showed her my note book. She read it and said: "After all we loved each other. So it was not so strange." I said, "It was a mystery of the mind." But she answered, "I would rather call it an intuition of the heart!"—Julian Hawthorne in Pittsburg Bulletin.

FIGHTING FOR A BABY.

TWO WOMEN WHO STRUGGLED FOR POSSESSION OF A CHILD.

One Was the Mother, the Other Had Grown to Be a Foster Mother—Story of a Mother's Unfortunate Efforts to Provide a Home for Herself and Child.

A mother trying to kidnap her own child.

Another woman trying to hold the child for the payment of a board bill.

And two women using the two-year-old baby in lieu of a rope for a tug of war.

These three different views describe the spectacle which met the eyes of passersby on Tremont street, in front of King's chapel, about half past 4 o'clock on Wednesday afternoon.

It was a noisy incident. The mother had the baby by the legs; the other woman clung to it by the shoulders. Neither would release her hold, and the frightened screams of the child quickly attracted the attention of a crowd.

"I want my child," screamed the younger woman between her gasps for breath, as she tugged away.

"You shan't have her," gritted the elder lady, as with determined grasp she maintained her hold upon the little one.

Then the crowd grew interested and took sides, although the weight of sympathy seemed to be with the young mother, and further complications might have ensued but for the appearance of Patrolman Maynes, of Station 2.

His arrival was the signal for a cessation of hostilities. The little one was dropped, and both sides entered upon voluble explanations, which he cut short by inviting the entire party to go with him to Station 2, where matters could be adjusted.

It was a unique party which presently stood before Captain Hemmenway's desk—the mother weeping and angry, the other woman flushed and defiant, the baby frightened and tearful.

The policeman quickly stated the case, and then mutual and instantaneous explanations began.

"I want my baby," exclaimed the little woman.

"Well, why don't you pay its board?" retorted the other.

"I did as long as I could," was the reply; "but you've no right to keep it from me."

"Well, you've got no right to snatch it from me on the street," was the quick response.

A MOTHER'S STORY.

Then the captain commanded silence and propounded a series of questions, the answers to which revealed one of those little domestic tragedies so common and yet so uncommon, as the pretty little woman told her story.

A few years ago she married a young fellow, who shortly after their union turned out to be a scamp. She lived with him as long as she could, and then left him to begin a hard battle for life for herself and her two little ones.

That was two years ago. She hired a room on a quiet street at the south end, and kept her eldest child with her, while her infant she placed in the care of a woman in Wakefield, who advertised to board children.

The mother obtained work in a restaurant, and out of three dollars a week and her board undertook to clothe herself and her little ones, pay for her room and give two dollars a week for the board of her baby.

For six months she succeeded. Then a brief spell of sickness retarded her efforts, and she found herself unable to make all ends meet, so she ceased the payment of two dollars a week for the little one's board until such time as she should be able to continue it.

That time has never yet appeared. Her other little one sickened, and her earnings were swallowed in bills for doctors and medicines.

Her brave fight for her child's life was without avail, however, and a few weeks ago the little one died. Heartbroken, but not crushed, the young mother again resumed the battle. She had one still to live for, although she had been unable for the last year and a half to do anything for it.

A MODERN SOLOMON.

On Wednesday afternoon she saw her baby going down Tremont street in the care of the lady with whom she had placed it two years ago, and the maternal instinct could not resist the desire to caress those red cheeks, lighted up by a pair of blue eyes and crowned with curly, yellow hair.

She caught the child in her arms and was about to kiss it, when the Wakefield woman recognized her, and thinking that she intended to take away the baby by force resisted to the best of her ability. Then the scene on the street ensued.

The Wakefield woman was then allowed to tell her story, which was that the mother's statement about placing the child in her care was true, but that she had received no money for the support of the baby for the last year and a half, and that the little one had so grown into her heart that she wished to adopt it and would give it a good home.

When both the principals had finished Captain Hemmenway in a few pungent words managed to convey a great deal of meaning. He suggested an amicable adjustment of the matter, and the child's parent agreed to go to Wakefield next Sunday and receive the little one, and to pay $1.50 out of her three dollars weekly stipend until the board bill of the little one shall have been canceled.

Then the Wakefield woman with the baby started for home, the little one gazing with wondering eyes over the shoulder of its bearer at its mother, who, with red eyes and sorrowing heart, turned her steps in the opposite direction.—Boston Herald.

Self Winding.

The watchmaker had been called from his work to hear from a customer a long story about the behavior of her watch, told several times over.

"Oh, dear!" said he, "I hate to have these self winding talkers come in!"—Exchange.

Aerial Navigation and Warfare.

Many ask what use aerial navigation will be put to in case it succeeds. To this I would reply, certainly not for carrying freight, and not, for a considerable time at least, for carrying passengers. When the first flying machine succeeds, its first great use will be for military purposes. It will at once become an engine of war, not only to reconnoiter the enemy's positions, as has been attempted with the socalled dirigible balloons, but also for carrying and dropping into the enemy's lines and country large bombs charged with high explosives.

It does not require a prophet to foresee that successful machines of this character would at once make it possible for a nation possessing them to paralyze completely an enemy by destroying in a few hours the important bridges, armories, arsenals, gas and water works, railway stations, public buildings, etc., and that all the modern means of defense, both by land and sea, which have cost untold millions, would at once be rendered worthless. Of course this mode of warfare would not do away completely with all forms of small firearms, which would still have to be used in order to enable these future engines of war to combat one another; but it is safe to assert that none but small and light guns would be used.—Hiram S. Maxim in Century.

Maine's First Bicycle.

The great principle of the bicycle wheel is that it has tension spokes. That is, it differs from the ordinary carriage wheel in that the weight hangs from the tire instead of being supported upon the hub by stiff radiating spokes. Hiram Maxim, the great gunmaker, claims and is supported by testimony that in 1857 he made a tension wheel. The wheel was used upon the bicycle that Maxim constructed. This bicycle was the first ever seen in Maine. It was the real article in prototype, but Maxim confesses that "it went almighty hard." No one realized or even respected the importance of Maxim's discovery, and he was fairly overwhelmed with jeers as he rode his strange contrivance about the streets of Dexter.

Perhaps it was for this reason that he gave the toy to his little brother, who took it into the seclusion of Sangerville. One day the little shaver left it out in the highway, and the first horse that came along that way nearly had a fit.

Finally the driver secured his frantic beast, and inspired by righteous rage and thorough ignorance attacked the bicycle as though it were some rare wild beast. He batted and mauled it every which way, and Maxim's hopes on wheels were a wreck forever.—Holman F. Day in Lewiston Journal.

The Horse That Paid His Toll.

Many of the older residents of this section remember the late Dr. John Warner, of New Milford, and will appreciate this little story. When Dr. Warner was a student at Yale he used to come home Saturday nights and return to New Haven Mondays. That was before the days of railways, and as stage coaches did not leave New Milford Monday for New Haven young Warner used to mount his father's horse and ride to Yale on horseback. There were several toll gates on the route, and at each Warner would pay the return toll for his horse.

Arriving at Yale he would affix to the bridle a card bearing these words, "Please not stop this horse." The sagacious animal would jog along homeward, invariably reaching his stall at New Milford all right. The toll takers got to know the horse, and he was never interrupted. On Fridays the horse would be started alone to New Haven with a small pouch attached to his saddle in which was the exact change for the tolls. Each toll taker would take his toll, and the horse would trot along, reaching Yale in the evening. This practice was kept up until the young doctor was graduated.—Danbury (Conn.) News.

Reform in Men's Dress.

"A Business Woman" writes to protest against the agitation of dress reform for women, upon the ground that women's dress is in no need of reformation, and to propose a dress reform for men. She wants to know why men's trousers should not be cut off at the ankles; she wants to know if there is comfort in a shiny shirt front or a stiff collar—the growing prevalence of flannel, silk, cheviot and unstarched linen answers nay; she asks why men should stuff a yard or two of superfluous cotton cloth into their trousers, instead of wearing shirt waists as the little shavers do; she shoots the hat of man, so to speak, with a condemnation of its stiffness.

Sensible men will welcome the thought of an effort to reform their dress in the direction of comfort and convenience. But our hopes are damped somewhat by the memory of the fact that, throughout the ages, when women were the architects of men's shirts, there was never known a shirt that fitted.—San Francisco Argonaut.

How Some Men Waste Time.

The train stopped at a little town. A commercial traveler, dealing in groceries and tobacco, got off; a crate of live chickens was put on and the cars started again. The stopping of a train was no rare sight in that village, for it happens two or three times every day. The people had no welcome for the commercial traveler, no tears were shed over the departure of the chickens; yet on the station steps I counted forty men and boys who were there when the train came in—farm boys, who ought to have been at work in the fields; village boys, who might have been doing something somewhere, every interest of economics and æsthetics alike calling them away from the village and off to the farms. Two men attended to all the business of the station. The solitary passenger went his own way. The rest were there because they had not the moral strength to go anywhere else. They stood there on the station steps, embodied ghosts, dead to all life and hope, with only force enough to stand around and gape.—David S. Jordan in Forum.

GETTING OUT OF RUSSIA.

A Traveler's Anxiety Concerning Documents Sent Through the Mail.

Upon the advice of some of my friends in Minusinsk, I decided to get rid of all my note books, documents, letters from political convicts and other dangerous and incriminating papers, by sending them through the mails to a friend in St. Petersburg. To intrust such material to the Russian postal department seemed a very hazardous thing to do, but my friends assured me that the postal authorities in Minusinsk were honorable men who would not betray to the police the fact that I had sent such a package, and that there was little probability of its being opened or examined in St. Petersburg. They thought that the danger of losing my notes and papers in the mails was not nearly so great as the danger of having them taken from me as the result of a police search.

The material in question amounted in weight to about forty pounds, but as packages of all sizes are commonly sent by mail in Russia, mere bulk in itself was not a suspicious circumstance. I had a box made by an exiled Polish carpenter, took it to my room at night, put into it the results of my whole Siberian experience—most of the dangerous papers being already concealed in the covers of books and the hollow sides of small boxes—sewed it up carefully in strong canvas, sealed it with more than twenty seals and addressed it to a friend in St. Petersburg, whose political trustworthiness was beyond suspicion and whose mail I believed would not be tampered with.

Thursday morning, about half an hour before the semi-weekly post was to leave Minusinsk for St. Petersburg, I carried the box down into the courtyard under the cover of an overcoat, put it into a sleigh, threw a robe over it, and went with it myself to the postoffice. The officials asked no questions, but weighed the package, gave me a written receipt for it and tossed it carelessly upon a pile of other mail matter that a clerk was putting into large leather pouches. I gave one last look at it, and left the postoffice with a heavy heart. From that time forward I was never free from anxiety about it. That package contained all the results of my Siberian work, and its loss would be simply irreparable. As week after week passed, and I heard nothing about it, I was strongly tempted to telegraph my friend and find out whether it had reached him, but I knew that such a telegram might increase the risk, and I refrained.

We reached the Russian capital on the 19th of March, and as soon as I had left Mr. Frost at a hotel with our baggage, I called a droshky, drove to the house of the friend to whom I had sent my precious box of note books and papers, and, with a fast beating heart, rang the bell and gave the servant my card. Before my friend made his appearance I was in a perfect fever of excitement and anxiety. Suppose the box had been opened by the postoffice or police officials and its contents seized. What should I have to show for almost a year of work and suffering? How much could I remember of all that I had seen and heard? What should I do without the written record of names, dates, and all the multitudinous and minute details that give verisimilitude to a story?

My friend entered the room with as calm and unruffled a countenance as if he had never heard of a box of papers, and my heart sank. I had half expected to be able to see that box in his face. I cannot remember whether I expressed any pleasure at meeting him, or made any inquiries with regard to his health. For one breathless moment he was to me merely the possible custodian of a box. I think he asked me when I arrived, and remarked that he had some letters for me; but all I am certain of is that, after struggling with myself for a moment, until I thought I could speak without any manifestation of excitement, I inquired simply, "Did you receive a box from me?"

"A box?" he repeated interrogatively. Again my heart sunk; evidently he had not received it. "Oh, yes," he continued, as if with a sudden flash of comprehension, "the big square box sewed up in canvas. Yes; that's here."

I was told afterward that there was no perceptible change in the gloomy March weather of St. Petersburg at that moment, but I am confident, nevertheless, that at least four suns, of the largest size known to astronomy, began immediately to shine into my friend's front windows, and that I could hear robins and meadow larks singing all up and down the Nevski prospect.

I sent the precious notes and papers out of the empire by a special messenger, in order to avoid the danger of a possible search of my own baggage at the frontier, and four days later Mr. Frost and I were in London.—George Kennan in Century.

How Kaffirs Smoke Cigars.

Those interesting South Africans, the Kimberley Kaffirs, are extremely fond of cigars, but their habit is to smoke them with the lighted end in the mouth. When this peculiarity was first mentioned to Colonel Knollys, an Englishman, he supposed that his informant was cracking a joke, but to his amazement he saw numerous instances. The native, it is stated, first lighted his cigar by the ordinary method, then turning it around he deftly arranged the hotly glowing end in his mouth, and tucking away his tongue in his cheek proceeded to inspire and expire the fumes, very gradually consuming the whole of the cigar. The smokers assured their visitor that the process was warm, comforting, delicious and far superior to the usual mode. On subsequent trial Colonel Knollys found, he says, that the knack is less difficult to acquire than might be supposed.—Exchange.

At the Club.

Cholly (with unwonted enthusiasm)—By Jove! I see that some fellow has introduced a bill into the state senate making it a misdemeanor to send annoying letters to any one. Deuced clevah law, that. I'll have my tailor sent up for six months, by Jove!—Life.

A RHYME OF ROBIN PUCK.

Howsoe'er the tale be spread,
Puck, the pranksome, is not dead.

At such tidings of mishap
Any breeze blown Columbine
Would but toss a scarlet cap—
Would but laugh with shaken head,
"Trust it not, do not repine,
Puck, the pranksome, is not dead!"
If you know not what to think,
Ask the tittering bobolink;
Straightway shall the answer rise,
Bubbling from his gleeful breast:
"Dead? 'Tis but his latest jest!
Robin Puck, the wild and wise,
Frolics on and never dies!"

Had we but the elfin sight,
On some pleasant summer night
We should see him and his crew
In the fields that gleam with dew;
Had we but the elfin ear
Pointed sharply like a leaf),
In the meadows we should hear
Fairy pipings, fine and brief,
Shrilled through throats of tiniest flowers:
Would that subtler sense were ours!
Tricksy Puck! I shall not tell
How it is I know him well.
Swift, yet clumsy; plump, yet wee,
Brown as hazelnut is he;
And from either temple springs
Such a waving, hairlike horn
As by butterflies is worn;
Glassy clear his glittering wings,
Like the small green bodied flies
In the birchwoods; and his eyes,
Set aslant, as blackly shine
As the myriad globes wherein
The wild blackberry keeps her wine;
And his voice is piercing thin,
But he changes that at will—
Mocking rogue!—with birdlike skill.
How it is I must not tell.

Ah! with some rare, secret spell
Should we bathe in moonlit dew,
Eyes that this world's book have read,
We should see him and his crew
In the dreamy summer dell;
For, howe'er the tale be spread,
Puck, the pranksome, is not dead!
—Helen Gray Cone in St. Nicholas.

Papered Her Room with Envelopes.

"Our house is all topsy turvy. The paper hangers are working in every room but one," said a Prospect avenue girl.

"And why one exception?" asked the young man whose feet were dangling from the veranda rail and who assumes to ask questions on all subjects. "Why don't you make a clean sweep of it and paper the whole house?"

"Papered the other room myself."

"You did?" cried four voices at once.

"Yes, and every one of you furnished part of the material. Come along and I'll show you."

There was the room, and surely it was oddly decorated. The four walls were papered with envelopes addressed in all manner of hands, and with postmarks from New York to San Francisco. For two years this maiden, so original, saved all the envelopes which brought her letters, and when she had enough she took a pot of paste and covered her walls.

The letters were pasted on in the order of their coming and made quite a serial story. They are of all shades and sizes and of several tints, and one can easily trace the regular mail from her constant correspondents, while here and there is one which has some special significance. One in black border is from a dear college chum whose mother had just died, and not far away is one which brought the tidings of a happy marriage of another chum in distant Italy. The owner of this collection would not change it for any wall paper Buffalo could furnish or import.—Buffalo Enquirer.

She Saved Her Hat.

A rare piece of presence of mind delighted the passengers on a surface car one rainy night last week. It was exhibited by a girl in a lace gown and the very tiniest scrap of a hat that ever called Paris home. No girl could have owned that hat and not loved it. That it had a firm hold on the wearer's affections was proved by the sequel.

The girl and her escort had evidently been to the theatre. They were umbrellaless and apparently on terms of frank friendship. That a cab had been suggested and declined was learned from their merry talk. Finally the young man signaled the conductor to stop, and turned to his charge. "We will make a run for it. I am sorry for your hat," he said.

"Wait a minute," she answered. She calmly removed the creation of silver lace and pink roses from her head, tucked it under her wrap, replaced it by her companion's hat, picked up her gown and marched serenely from the car, followed by a murmur of admiration from the passengers and a surprised, bareheaded young man.—New York Recorder.

One Woman's Costume.

One Brooklyn woman has solved the question of dress reform to her entire satisfaction, particularly the perplexing problem of garters or stocking supporters. The encircling ligature was long ago condemned by the best medical authorities, and the various attachments to hold up stockings suspended from waist or shoulder proved unsatisfactory. So when she decided to dress upon reformed methods she boldly discarded stockings altogether. Not that she proposed to go with bare feet or legs, but she substituted socks for the long stockings. Clad in a union undergarment from her neck to her heels, she found that boys' socks, coming well above her shoe tops, were far more satisfactory than what she had previously worn, and needed nothing to keep them in place. Then with the divided skirt or leglets and a dress the costume was complete, and the least possible restraint and compression of the form existed. This she believes to be the best dress reform yet suggested.—Brooklyn Life.

French Honor to an English Author.

Miss Betham-Edwards, the well known author, has just received a signal honor at the hands of the French government. In recognition of her numerous works on rural France she has been named "officier de l'instruction publique," a distinction not often conferred upon foreigners, especially of her sex. The newly made "officier de l'instruction publique," in her country retreat at Hastings, is busy on a survey or birdseye view of France—social, rural and economic—a hundred years after the revolution, based entirely upon personal observation.—[illegible] News.

DON'T DELAY TO

Stop that cough! Else the bronchial tubes will be enlarged and the delicate tissues of the lungs exposed to injury. No other medicine is so speedily operative in throat and lung troubles as **Ayer's Cherry Pectoral.** A few doses have been known to break up an obstinate and distressing cough. Sufferers from asthma, bronchitis, croup, consumption, sore throat, and whooping cough find a sure relief in the use of this preparation. It soothes the inflamed membrane, promotes expectoration, and induces repose. Try Don't be without it in the house. Sallie E. Stone, Hurt's store, Va., writes: "I have found, in my family, that Ayer's Cherry Pectoral was always a certain cure for colds and coughs."

"Five years ago I had a constant cough, night sweats, was greatly reduced in flesh, and had been given up by my physicians. I began to take Ayer's Cherry Pectoral and was completely cured."—Anga A. Lewis, Ricard, N. Y.

Ayer's Cherry Pectoral

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Sold by all Druggists. Price $1; six bottles, $5.

CATHOLIC CHURCH DIRECTORY.

Where the Different Churches are Situated and the Hours at Which Mass is Celebrated and Vespers Held

The following directory is published for the benefit of the Chicago readers of THE CITIZEN, and Catholic visitors to the city:

Cathedral of the Holy Name—State and Superior sts. Masses at 5:30, 6:15, 7:45 and 9:30 a m; mass at 8:30 exclusively for children; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m.

St. Patrick's—Adams and Desplaines sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; children's mass and choir at 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m; services every Thursday at 7:30 p m, in the chapel. Rev. Thos F. Gallagan, pastor. Residence 155 W. Adams st.

St. James'—Twenty-ninth st and Wabash ave. Masses at 6, 7, 8, 9 and 10 a m; high mass at 11; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Hugh McGuire, pastor. Residence 2924 Wabash avenue.

Holy Family (Jesuit)—May and Twelfth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. Edwin Kelly, S. J., pastor. Residence 417 Twelfth st.

St. Jarlath's—Jackson street and Hermitage ave. Masses at 6, 7:30, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. Thomas F. Cashman, pastor. Residence 658 W. Jackson st.

St. Mary's—Wabash ave and Eldridge court. Masses at 6, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. A. Murphy, pastor. Residence 543 Wabash avenue.

Church of the Nativity of Our Lord—Thirty-seventh and Dashiel sts. Masses at 6, 7, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. J. M. Cartan, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Bridget's—Archer ave and Church st. Masses at 6, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. M. J. Dowling, pastor. Residence 2923 Archer ave.

All Saints' Church—Wallace st and 28th place. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. E. Dunne, pastor. Residence 2949 Wallace st.

St. Procopius—Eighteenth and Allport sts. Masses at 5, 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10, with sermon; vespers at 3:30 p m. Rev. P. Hoegmanek Jaeger, O. S. B., pastor. Residence 704 Allport st.

St. Francis of Assisium—Corner of W Twelfth st. and Newberry av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 8:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Ferdinand Kalvelage, pastor. Residence, 206 W. Twelfth st.

St. Stephen's—Corner of Ohio and N Sangamon sts. Masses at 7, 9, and high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. D. Fagan, pastor. Residence 185 N. Sangamon st.

St. Peter's—Corner Clark and Polk sts. Masses at 5:30 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. M. Neumann, O. S. F., pastor. Residence 440 S. Clark st.

St. John's—Clark and Eighteenth sts. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. T. J Butler, pastor. Residence 176 Eighteenth street.

Sacred Heart—Johnson and Nineteenth sts. Masses at 5, 6, 7, and 8:30 a m; children's mass at 8:30; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. M. J. Corbett, S. J., pastor. Residence 49 W. Nineteenth st.

St. Columbkille's—Corner of Indiana and Paulina sts. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Thomas Burke, pastor. Residence 519 W. Indiana st.

St. Malachy's—Corner Walnut st and Western av. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 a m high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3:30 p m Rev. Thomas P. Hodnett, pastor. Residence 333 Walnut st.

St. Pius—Corner Ashland av. and Nineteenth st. Masses at 6:30, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7:30 p m. Rev. F. S. Hennebery, pastor. Residence 88 Ashland av

St. Anthony of Padua—Corner of McGregor st. and Twenty-fourth place Masses at 6 and 7:30 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. Peter Fischer, pastor. Residence 2434 Hanover st.

St John Nepomucene—Corner of Twenty fifth st and Portland av. Mass at 8 a m high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev Francis Bobal, pastor. Residence 49 Twenty-fifth st.

Church of the Assumption—Illinois st between Franklin and Market sts. Masses at 6, 8, and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers at 7 p m. Rev. S. Moretti, pastor Residence 64 Illinois st.

Church of the Immaculate Conception B. V. M.—N. Franklin near Schiller st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m vespers 7:30 p m. Rev. P. J. Butler, pastor Residence 497 N. Franklin.

St. Michael's—Corner Eugene and Hurlbut sts. Masses at 5:30, 6 and 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 2:30 p m. Rev J. Leutte, C. SS. R., pastor. Residence 234 Cleveland av.

Notre Dame de Chicago—Vernon Park place near Loomis st. Masses at 7, 8 and 9 a m; high mass at 10:30 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. A. L. Bergeron, pastor. Residence 15 Sibley st.

St. Vincent de Paul's—Corner Webster av and Osgood st. Masses at 6, 7:30 and 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 7:30. Rev Felix Guedry, pastor. Residence adjoining church.

St. Paul's—Hoyne av. and Ambrose st Masses at 8 and 10:30 am; vespers at 3 p m Rev. E. Weber, pastor Residence 162 Ambrose st.

St. Aloysius—Thompson and Davis sts Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10:15 a m; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. J. Thiele, pastor. Residence, adjoining church.

Church of the Immaculate Conception—2964 Bonfield st. Mass at 8 a m; high mass at 10 a m; vespers at 7 p m. Rev. P. L. Biermann, pastor, Res 2964 Bonfield st.

Holy Trinity—Lincoln and Taylor sts Mass at 8 a m.; high mass at 10; vespers at 3 p m. Rev. D. M. Thiele, pastor. Residence 333 West Taylor st.

Church of the Annunciation B. V. M.—Paulina st. and Wabansia ave. Masses at 7, 8, and 9 a. m.; high mass at 10:30; vespers and benediction at 3 p. m. Rev. Hugh O'Gara McShane, pastor; Residence 321 N Paulina street.

St. Charles Borromeo's—Twelfth and Cypress sts. Masses at 6 and 8:30 a.m. 9 high mass at 10:30; vespers at 3 p.m. Rev P. O. Gill, pastor Residence 78 Cypress st

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Holy Family Court No. 1—J K Clowry, C R, 433 Blue Island av; J L Shepherd, Treas; W J Wallace, R S, 120 W Taylor st; G B Bracken, F S; Dr G C Synon, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Sodality hall, cor May and 11th.

Columbia Court No. 2—J F O'Neil, C R, 520 W Erie st; Wm Flanagan, R S, 2 Smart st; John E Kelly, F S; P J Sheehy, Treas; Dr T Conley, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday, 8 p m, and 3d Sunday, 3 p m, in Society hall, 539 W Indiana st.

Sacred Heart Court No. 3—James O'Neill, C R, 138 W 18th st; P J O'Keefe, R S, 265 E Indiana st; Hugh P Moran, F S; Henry Powers, Treas; Dr Wm C King, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Thursday cor. Canalport av and Union st.

St. Pius Court No. 4—F T Nichol, C R, 345 Hastings st; Francis McEneany, R S, 729 Hinman st; F M Quinn, F S; John Durkin, Treas; Dr David O'Shea, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Fridays, St Pius school hall, Twentieth st and Ashland av.

Jaques Carter Court No. 5—Geo Daiziel, C R, Blackhawk and Cherry sts; H Langiois, R S, Vernon Park place; A St Pierre, F S; N F Franchere, Treas; Dr F W Fitzgerald, C P. Meet 188 Blue Island av, 2nd and 4th Sunday. Conducted in the French language.

St. John's Court No. 6—Henry C Johnson, C R, 2127 State st; Wm J Graham, R S, 179 E 18th st; T J Magner, F S; D M McKindley, Treas; Dr D BSullivan, C P. Meet in St. John's hall, 1st and 3rd Wednesday.

St. James Court No. 7—A B Perrigo, C R, 2967 State st; Henry S Hewson, R S, 2518 Butterfield st; W J Erler, F S; D B Quinlan, Treas; Dr P S MacDonald, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Friday, at 2974 State st.

St. Joseph's Court No 8—J J Lawler, C R, 11 W 11th st; Wm A Hoyne, R S, 337 Centre av; Thomas J Holland, F S; Thos G Martin, Treas; Dr Jeremiah Mather, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Wednesday, Sodality Hall, May and Eleventh st.

All Saints' Court No. 9—Jos A Smith, C R, 165 Napoleon place; B B Brady, R S, 503 28th st; Thos F Williamson, F S; J Grimn, Treas; Dr D Collins, C P. Meet at hall 2441 Archer av, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Mary's Court, No. 10—J C Schubert, C R, 133 22d st; W C Brennan, R S, 133 22d st; James Drury, F S, 95 E Polk st; Michael Moran, Treas, 25 Miller st; Dr W J Clary, C P; 168 State st. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, basement St Mary's church, Wabash ave and Eldridge ct.

Nativity Court, No. 11—Mathew Lamb, C R, 3458 Halstedst; J B McAuliffe, R S, 3828 Emerald ave; Thomas Ryan, F S; John Carney, Treas; Dr J E McNamara, C P. Meet at hall 37th and Halsted sts, 1st and 3d Tuesday.

St. Patrick's Court, No. 12—John Davy, C R, 17 Aberdeenst; M J Ryan, R S, 971 Spalding ave; George B Valentine, F S; Wm J Moody, Treas; Dr C Hogan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, in Fitzgerald's hall, corner Adams and Halsted sts.

Marquette Court, No. 13—Thomas Rogers, C R, 481 W Ohio st; D B Hansen, R S, 832 W Adams st; M C O'Kane, F S; J B shiel, Treas; Dr P H Connolly, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 3 p m, last Friday 7:30 p m, at Anchor hall, cor. Paulina and Indiana sts.

Holy Name Court, No. 14—Hugh Manley, C R, 971 E Superior st; M C Cooney, R S, 369 Wells st; J F Owens, F S; J F Jaeger, Treas; Dr J K Winer, C P. Meet at Feehan hall, 2d and 4th Tuesday.

St. Thomas' Court, No. 15—Thos Mulvihill, C R, Woodlawn Park; John Mott, R S, box 46, Woodlawn Park; Thos W Gray, F S; P Chambers, Treas; Dr A E Garceau, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Mondays in Flood's hall, Hyde Park.

St. Gabriel's Court, No. 16—John Hunt, C R; Peter Quigley, R S, 606 Boot st; John Hale, F S; Wm Tracey, Treas; Dr J Rielly, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Sundays, 45th and Wallace sts.

St. John Baptist Court, No. 17—Somonauk, Ill—Feltx Meyers, C R; John McNamara, R S, Somonauk; Henry Ruehlmann, F S; Geo Denilauler, Treas; Dr Edward Molitor, C P. Meet 2d and 4th Saturdays, in School hall.

St. Ignatius Court No. 18—Bryan Farley, C R, 100 Hastings st; Philip Devlin, R S, 261 S May st; S A Clow, F S; T J Lee, Treas; Dr T F O'Malley, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, Templar's hall, 250 Blue Island av

Western Reserve Court, No. 19—J Seusee, C R, 1009 Lake st; A J Vance, R S, 505 Park av; F Noonan, F S; H C Latus, Treas; Dr M H McGrath, C P. Meet 2d Sunday 4:30 p m, 4th Wednesday 7:30 p m, in Aqua Pura hall, 1036 W Lake st.

St. Nicholas' Court, No. 20—Peter Roth, C R, 409 26th st; N Pauly, R S, 2013 Wentworth av; F N Moninger, F S; M W Fois, Treas; Dr Emil Gilgohann, C P. Meet last Tuesday in basement St. Antonius' church, cor. 24th place and Hanover st., and 2nd Sunday, Schaeffer's hall, 2361 Hanover st.

St. Sylvester's Court No. 23—P H Brady, C R, 809 Tallman av; E W Nye, R S, Humboldt Park P O; H Smith, F S; E N Ashenden, Treas; Dr D W Nolan, C P. Meet 2nd Sunday 3 p m, 4th Sunday 7:30 p m, at Lagonia's hall, Western and North ave.

St. Benedict's Court No. 24—J P Lauth, C R, 361 N Clark st; Wm Klein, R S, 89 Mohawk st; Jacob Alt, F S; P Mueller, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet in St. Joseph's School hall, cor. Hill and Franklin sts, 2nd and 4th Wednesday.

Notre Dame Court No. 25—P C Harbour, C R, 156 Blue Island av; M Dore, R S, 14 Sangamon st; A Aubry, F S; J B Lewreau, Treas; Dr E D St Cyr, C P. Meet 1st Sunday, 3 p m, 3rd Sunday, 8 p m, at Franchere's hall, 188 Blue Island av. Conducted in the French language.

St. Peter's Court, No. 26—H J Cremer, C R, 238 Sherman st; Frank A Kucera, R S, 536 S Morgan st; Joseph Seitz, F S; Val Schmittschmitt, Treas; Dr J J Thomnets, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursday, 8 p m, basement St. Peter's church

St. Aloysius' Court, No. 27—J Murphy, C R, 545 S Jefferson st; Julius Kaier, R S, 299 W Thirteenth st; John McGhee, F S; John J Marnell, Treas; Dr Wm A Synon, C P. Meet in Sodality hall, Eleventh and May sts, 2nd and 4th Tuesdays.

Annunciation Court, No. 28—C A Hawley, C R, 850 N Hoyne av; Edmond C Foley, R S, 412 Wabansia av; Joseph E Gleeson, F S; James Burke, Treas; Dr. Charles Venn, C P. Meet corner Robey and Milwaukee av, 1st and 3d Sunday, 8 p m.

St. Ambrose Court, No. 29— Faxel, C R, 883 Blue Island av; John Burggraf, R S 144 Ambrose st; Aug Ehlebracht, F S; Henry Schutt, Treas; Dr Brand, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesdays, 158 Ambrose st, 8 p m

Im. Conception Court, No. 30—Simon J. Forhan, C R, 1710 Diversey av; Luke Sullivan, R S; Joseph F Holden, F S; Michael Boeder, Treas. Meets first and third Mondays in Phoenix Hall, Division and Sedgwick sts.

St. Vincent de Paul's Court, No. 31—D A Lawtonh, C R, 241 Webster av; Jas F Lusk, R S, 232 Blackhawk st; J Conway, F S; Patrick McGuire, Treas; Dr Geo W Reynolds, C P. Meet 1st Sunday and 3rd Wednesday, at 8 and 8 o'clock p m, in Scool hall.

St. Stephen's Court, No. 32—J Hanrahan, C R, 16 N Sangamon st; David Cottrell, R S, [illegible] J Kavanagh, F S; M Mitchell, treas; Dr J T Stanton, C P. Meet 1st Wednesday 8 p m and 3d Sunday 3 p m, 599 Milwaukee av.

St. Michael's Court, No. 33—A Von Tesmer, C R, 941 Orchard st; John J Blindauer, R S, 158 Hudson av; M F Engel, F S; Henry Schomer, Treas; Dr Jas P Buck, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Tuesday, St Michael's hall, cor North and Hudson ave.

St. Martin's Court, No. 34—Mathias Pitts, C R, 93 Gardner st; P Scmitt, R S, 200 Mohawk st; Fred'k Krings, F S; M Franzen, Treas; Dr Charles Koller, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Saturday, Brand's hall, cor North and Clybourne av.

St. Lawrence Court, No. 35—Grand Crossing, Cook county, Ill—Michael Conlin, C R; J O Hayes, R S; S Marks, F S; A Neeb, Treas; Dr C W Pusey, C P. Meet 1st and 3d Tuesday, 8 p m, Social hall.

Cathedral Court, No. 36—P McGarry, C R, 442 Seminary av; L Rohrer, R S, 223 Elm st; J P Devine, F S; F T Scanlan, Treas; Dr F H Cronin, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Tuesday, hall 324 E Division st.

St. Agnes' Court, No. 37—John Begane, C R, Brighton Park; Daniel Kane, R S, Brighton Park; John Grady, F S; D Ackerman, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd monday, 8 p m, Parish School, Brighton.

Blessed Virgin Court No. 38—Peter Doyle, C R, 71 Cicero court; L A Lafont, R S, 1704 W Twelfth st; Chas E Browne, F S; Dr L A Harcourt, C P. Meet in school hall of Our Lady of Sorrows, Sunday and 3d Thursday at 2:30 and 7:30 p m.

St. Ann's Court No. 39—Thos A Kenny, C R, 5524 Wentworth av; John McCoy, R S, 4946 Dearborn st; James Kerwin, F S; J J Cowan, Treas; Dr Doherty, C P. Meet in Kerwin's hall, Fifty fifth st and Wentworth av, 1st and 3rd Fridays.

St. Alphonsus' Court No. 40—L Brieski, C R, 597 Southport av; Chas J Flugel, R S, 36 Clifton av; A Jobst, F S; Felix Hottinger, Treas; Dr John M Jacobs, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, Werheim's hall, Racine and Belmont ave.

Cour Lavel Court, No. 41—Adolphe Fournier, C R, Brighton P O; Adolph Bourbeau, R S, Brighton Park, Ill; F Deguise, F S; John B Dronin, Treas. Meet 1st and 3rd Sunday, at 7:30 p m, in McMahon's hall, 3137 Archer av.

St. Bridget's Court No. 42—J Schneider, C R, 5611 Emerald av; Thomas Duffy, R S, 3044 Ashland av; Thomas Lyons, F S; M McMahon, Treas. Meet in McMahon's hall, 3157 Archer av, 1st Monday, 7:30 p m, 3rd Sunday 2:30 p m.

St. Boniface Court No. 43—Peter Mueller, C R, 596 Milwaukee av; Peter Schomer, Jr, R S, 102 Cornell st; Peter H Heinrichs, F S; W Kern, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Wednesday, School hall, St. Boniface parish.

St. Charles Court No. 44, Evanston—Chas O'Donahue, C R; John M Flood, R S; Daniel McCann, F S; N P Mersch, Treas; Dr E H Webster, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Wednesdays, Foresters hall.

St. Hubert's Court No. 45—John Kolle, C R, 795 Milwaukee av; H J Sommers, R S, 587 W Chicago av; J H Nelles, F S; Frank Pich, Treas; Dr Chas Venn, C P. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday at 994 Milwaukee av.

McMullen Court No. 46—M J Kelly, C R, 153 Huron st; P C. Crane, R S, 331 Orchard st; B E Morgan, F S; G Tierney, Treas; Dr J A Benson, C P. Meet in North Side Turner hall, N Clark st. 1st and 3rd Tuesdays.

St. Leo Court No. 47—P E Hickey, C R, 1422 W Madison st; J J Hickey, R S, 490 W Indiana st; G Fitzgerald, F S; G White, Treas; Dr Wm Deegan, C P. Meet 2nd Tuesday at 7:30 p m, and 4th Sunday at 3 p m, Anchor hall, Indiana and Paulina sts.

St. George Court No. 48—Hubert Hartig, C R, 2949 Lyman st; Martin Hottua, R S, 2617 Emerald av; C Hiersbach, F S; Chas Trauscht, Treas; Dr D Egan, C P. Meet 1st and 3rd Monday Dayes hall, cor Sanger st and Archer av.

St. Mary Court No. 49, Springfield, Ill.—J J McInerney, C R; John Carey, R S; Eugene Colgan, F S; D O'D Hallihan, Treas. Meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays.

Assumption Court No. 50, (Italian)—F Brucciani, C R, 436 Milwaukee av; G B Lagomarsino, R S, 70 E Indiana st; J L Pierozzi, Treas. Meet in Assumption church.

St. Henry Court No. 51—Peter P Krantz, C R; Nicholas Allen, R S; M Winandy, F S; M Jasques, Treas. meet in St. Henry school hall, Rosehill, 2d and 4th Thursdays.

Col. Mulligan Court No. 52—A F Tesfy, C R, Room 21 Reaper Block; N J Pauly, R S, 258 W Congress st; P B Hayes, F S; Denis Molyneux, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Thursdays in Fitzgerald's hall, cor Halsted and Adams sts.

Waukegan Court No. 53—J H Finney, C R; J J Jemison, R S; John Michaels, F S; J B Daly, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Monday in Catholic school hall.

St. Francis Court No. 54—K J Cody, C R, 96 Coulter st; Ed J O'Neill, R S, 98 Coulter st; David McGann, F S; Florence McCarthy, Treas. meet 1st and 3rd Tuesdays in St. Pius school hall, 20th and Ashland av,

St. Bernard Court No. 55—D Sullivan, C R, 448 31st st; J J Kenney, R S, 2816 S. Park av; John W Carroll, F S; Joseph Walsh, Treas. meet 2nd and 4th Fridays at 2974 State st.

Canadian Court No. 56—L Drolet, C R; E G Richter, R S; L Goudrean, Jr., F S; M F Bachant, Treas; Dr. J N Fraser, C P. Kankakee, Ill.

St. Cecelia's Court No. 57—J J Sepple, C R, 4511 Wentworth av; D Kavanagh, R S, 4721 Butterfield st; N H Powers, F S; M Cronin, Treas. meet in St. Cecelia's hall, 2nd Sunday and 4th Wednesday

ANCIENT ORDER OF HIBERNIANS.

COOK COUNTY DIRECTORY.

County Board meets second Sunday of each month at 3 p. m., at Fitzgerald's hall, S. E. cor. Halsted and Adams sts.

County Delegate, P B Flanagan, 3023 Fifth av.
County Secretary, John Dowling, 256 N. Clark.
County Financial Secretary, W. E. Graham, 13 Currier st.
County Treasurer, M. E. Lynch, 520 W. Erie.

DIVISION OFFICERS.

Division No. 1—Wm. Sullivan, Pres., 198 Forquer st; B. J. Callaghan, V. P.; M. A. Manley, Rec. Sec., 375 Oak st.; Michael Lavin, Fin. Sec.; Dominick F. Cannon, Treas. Meets 1st Monday of each month at 182 W. Madison st.

Div. 3—Hugh L. Barron, Pres., 270 W. 14th st; James Carroll, V.-P.; Edward O'Neill, Rec Sec. 1068 Van Horn st; John Farrell, Fin Sec; P. J. Duffy, Treas. Meets 1st Sunday each month at 2:30 p m at Doherty's Hall, 446 W Twelfth st.

Div. No. 4—Daniel Collins, 861 S. Halsted st., Pres.; P. Lavery, V. P.; Daniel Cordon, Rec. Sec., 869 S. Halsted st; T. F. White, Fin. Sec.; M. Blake, Treas. Meets last Sunday of each month at 3 p m, at Canalport av. and Union st.

Div. No. 5—Dimothy Collins, Pres., 2106 State st; William White, V. P.; Michael C. Frell, Recording Sec., 447 Thirty-fifth st.; P. V. Fitzpatrick, Fin. Sec.; James Fitzpatrick, Treas. Meet second Wednesday of each month at 8 p m, at 144 E. Twenty-second st.

Div. No. 6—P. G. McGuire, Pres., 4217 Wentworth av; Jerh. Ryan, V. P.; Peter Quigley, Rec. Sec., 3256 S. Halsted st.; John Ryan, Fin. Sec.; B. M. Nicholas, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each month at 3 p m, in Town Hall, Town of Lake.

Div. No. 7—M. J. Dunne, Pres., 1728 W. Lake st.; C. Sullivan, V.-P.; M. J. Barret, Rec. Sec., 429 S. Halsted st; James E. O'Brien, Fin. Sec.; Mark Hardin, Treas. Meet at 446 W. Twelfth st. the second Sunday of each month at 7:30 p m.

Div. No. 8—James F. Sweeney, Pres., 378 Oak st; P. Doian, V. P.; Michael D. Sullivan, Rec. Sec., 355 N Market st; M J Lyons, Fin. Sec.; Jas. A. Flanagan, Treas. Meet first Sunday of each of month at 3 p m, in North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 9—T T Ahern, Pres 8 Chicago; J J Murphy, V. P.; D Duggan, Rec Sec., 8 Chicago; M. J. McManus, Fin. Sec. John McCabe, Treas. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, in Eigenman's Hall, South Chicago.

Div. No. 11—Pres., D. Nicholson, 96 Emerson av.; V.-P., D. Kirby; Rec. Sec., Joseph Lamb, 521 W. Erie st.; Fin. Sec., M. E. Lynch, Treas. Martin J. Corcoran. Meets first Monday of each month at Anchor hall, corner of Paulina and Indiana sts.

Div. No. 13—Pres., Patrick Crimmins, 2822 Deering st; V.-P., John J. Roche; Rec. Sec., James Lane, 3138 Ashland av; Fin. Sec., William J. Joyce; Treas., James Kelly. Meet first Sunday each month at 3 p m, in Kasner's hall, Lock st. and Archer av.

Div. No. 14—Pres., James Noonan; V.-P., Austin Clark; Rec. Sec., John Freudergast; Fin. Sec., Edward Rogers; Treas., J. V. McCarthy. Meets first Sunday of each month at 2 pm in Dorrie hall, Lemont, Ill.

Div. No. 16—Pres. M. J. Ryan, 257 Michigan st; V-P., James Conway; Rec. Sec., William Talt, 81 George st; Fin. Sec., Andrew G. Dug[illegible] Jas. O'Connor. Meet third Sunday each month at 8 p. m. at North Side Turner Hall.

Div. No. 17—President, Martin Mulcahy, 2836 Fifth av; V.P., Thomas Finnigan; Rec. sec., William Corcoran, 3759 Butterfield st; Fin. Sec. Lawrence Henely; Treas., P. B. Flanagan. Meets second Wednesday each month at 8 p m., at N.W. cor Thirty-seventh and Butterfield sts.

Div. No. 18—Pres., M. Lofgus, cor W Forty-third and Lake sts; V.-P., M Clark; Rec. Sec., Jeremiah Breshahan; Fin. Sec., Jas. Mulcare; Treas., Jas. Dougherty. Meets fourth Monday of each month at Tilton's school house, Central Park, Ill., at 7 p m.

Div. No. 19—Pres., James Thomas, 3802 Parnell av; V.-P., D. O'Brien; Rec. sec. Jeremiah Herbert; Fin. Sec., Joseph W. Connell; Treas. Michael McCarthy. Meets first and third Thursdays of each month in Quealy's hall, 3749 S. Halsted st.

Div. No. 21—Pres, Hugh Hackett; 156 Sherman st. V. P., John Moran; Rec. Sec., P. J. Barrett, 710 Loomis-st.; Fin. Sec., George Connolly; Treas., T. D. Clifford. Meets 3rd Sunday each month, at 3 p. m., at 188 Blue Island-av.

Div. No. 22—Pres., James Fitzpatrick, 1201 N Western av.; V.-P., P. McMahon; Rec. Sec., Andrew Hickey, 1299 N Paulina st; Fin. Sec., P. J. Donohue; Treas., Martin Quinn. Meets first Monday of each month at 8 p m, at corner Hinman and Wood sts.

Div. No. 23—President, Timothy Bourke, 4702 Bishop st.; V.-P., John McGeogeghan; Rec. Sec., John Waters, 4294 Ashland av.; Fin. Sec., John B. O'Connor; Treas. Stephen Sheehan. Meet first Sunday of each month at 2 p m, at Bishop's hall, corner Forty-seventh st. and Ashland avenue.

Div. No. 25—Pres., James F. Cantion, 251 N Carpenter st.; V.-P., Thomas Flynn. Rec. Sec., Joseph A. O'Donnell, 259 N. May st; Fin. Sec., W. J Graham; Treas., R. Franey. Meets the first Sunday of each month at 3 p m. in Apollo Hall, Milwaukee avenue.

Div No. 26—Pres. J P Doheny, 2359 Honore st; V.-P., James McKenna; Rec. Sec., Hugh McNally, 4455 School st; Fin. Sec., James Kerwin; Treas., Lawrence Reynolds. Meet second Saturday of each month at 8 p m, at Fifty-first st. and Wentworth-av.

Div. 29—Pres, Alexander Reilly, Kensington; V P., M J Sullivan; Rec sec, James Dolan, Box 887 Pullman; Fin sec, Peter Tully; Treas, Thos Markey. Meet 2nd and 4th Sunday of each month at 8 p m, in Pullman, Ill.

Div 31—Pres, John Dowling, 253 N Clark st; V P, Thomas Franey; rec sec, John Mulhearn, 40 Artisian av; fin sec, Michael Moore; treas, James C. King. Meets last Saturday of each month at 1036 W Lake st.

Div. 33—Pres, Thomas Doyle, 3800 Lowe av; V P, J J Burke; rec sec, M J O Brien, 3203 Butler st; fin sec, Patrick Quinn; treas, Michael Kavanaugh. Meets first Sunday each month at Kavanaugh's hall, 3818 South Halsted st.

Div. 36—President, Michael McCarthy, 610 Thirty second st; V P, Patrick Foley; Rec Sec, Martin Walsh, 2993 Lyman st; Fin Sec, Patrick Crimmins; Treas, James Kelly. Meet first and third Saturday each month at 686 Thirty-first st.

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ESTATE OF JOHN McHUGH, DECEASED.—All persons having claims against the estate of John McHugh, deceased, are hereby notified and requested to attend and present such claims to the Probate Court of Cook County, Illinois, for the purpose of having the same adjusted at a term of said court, to be held at the Probate Court room, in the City of Chicago, in said Cook County, on the third Monday of November, A. D. 1891, being the 16th day thereof.
Dated Chicago, September 30, 1891.
MARY McHUGH, Administratrix.
P. McHugh, Attorney.

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CONSERVATRIX'S SALE

STATE OF ILLINOIS, COUNTY OF COOK, ss.—In the Probate Court of Cook County. In the matter of the estate of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic

Notice is hereby given, that by virtue of that certain decretal order, entered on the First (1st) day of October, 1891 in and by the Probate Court of Cook County in the State of Illinois, in the matter of the estate of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic, upon the application of the undersigned, Augusta Kennedy, the Conservatrix of said lunatic, for leave to sell the hereinafter described real estate of said lunatic, I, the said Conservatrix, shall at Eleven (11) o'clock in the forenoon of Monday, the Second (2d) day of November, 1891, at the east front door of the Court House, on Clark street, in the City of Chicago, County of Cook, and State of Illinois, offer for sale and sell at public auction to the highest bidder for cash, all the right, title and interest of said lunatic, Orlow H. Crotser, in and to that certain real estate, situate in the County of Cook and State of Illinois, and known and described as follows, to-wit: Lot Nineteen (19) in Block Three (3) of Taylor's Subdivision of Block One (1) of Assessor's division of the east half (E ½) of the northwest quarter (N. W. ¼) of Section Eight (8) Township Thirty nine (39), North, Range Fourteen (14) East of the Third (3d) Principal Meridian.
Dated Chicago, October 5, 1891.
AUGUSTA KENNEDY,
Conservatrix of Orlow H. Crotser, a lunatic.
David Sullivan, Conservatrix's Attorney.

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